

THE DAILY MIRROR, Wednesday, March 5, 1919.

PREMIER: 'BRITAIN CALLED ON TO SAVE WORLD'

The Daily Mirror

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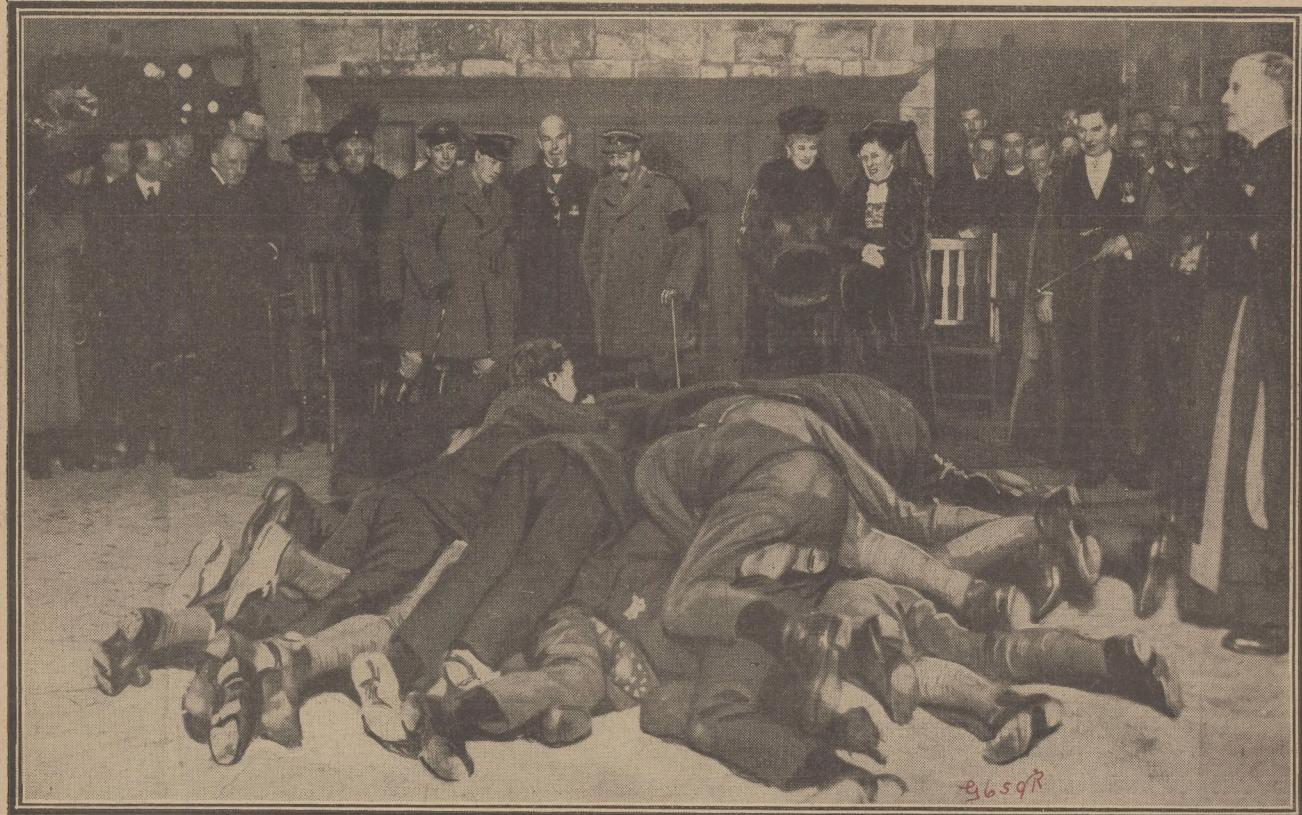
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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE THE PANCAKE STRUGGLE



Their Majesties laughing at the fierce struggle, beside which a Rugby "scrum" is gentle exercise. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are also seen.



The Queen shaking hands with the winner, D. Moonan, King's Scholar. Next the King is Dean Ryle.

The King and Queen were present for the first time at the historic ceremony of tossing the pancake, which is observed every Shrove Tuesday at Westminster School. No Sovereign has visited the school for this purpose for a long period, though it is recorded

that in ancient times "the King and his dignitaries came to see the school crowd round the pancake." Dennis Moonan, an Irish boy, who got the greater part of the pancake, also received a guinea, the reward of success.



The winner with a piece of pancake and the guinea.

CONSTABLE'S STORY IN HITCHIN MURDER.

Charge Against an Ex-Munster Fusilier.

"MOANING FOR HOUR."

The murder of Mary Ridgley, the widow shopkeeper of Hitchin, was further investigated by the magistrates yesterday.

Mrs. Ridgley was found dead in her shop on January 27, and by her side lay the body of her faithful dog.

John Healy, a discharged Munster Fusilier, stands charged with the crime. His Army discharge papers, it was stated, show that he served with the Fusiliers for three years, which one year and 258 days were spent abroad. His papers, which are dated three years ago, state: "Character—Honest, sober, intelligent, industrious and reliable. Trained in first aid and ambulance duties."

Mr. Sims, for the prosecution, said: Healy has been working as a labourer in Hitchin since August, 1918, and he left his employment on January 24, complaining that his wages were insufficient. He then owed Mrs. Ridgley 2s. rent. He was a customer of Mrs. Ridgley's, knew her shop, and was probably acquainted with her habits.

Describing the finding of the body, Mr. Sims said a khaki handkerchief round the neck of Mrs. Ridgley looked as if it had been put over her mouth as a gag and had slipped down.

The shop till was empty, but there were traces of blood on it, as if a person with an injury had been there.

Prisoner had a wound on him which looked like teeth marks, and Dr. Spilsbury would tell them that an attempt had been made to wash out bloodstains found on Healy's shirt.

SEARCH OF A ROOM.

Constable Describes His Visit to Prisoner's Apartment.

Constable Kirby said that when the body was found an apron was loosely wrapped round the head, and beneath it a khaki-covered handkerchief loosely tied at the back of the neck.

An iron weight was lying 3ft. from the woman's head. It was covered with blood and had short hairs upon it similar to the hair upon the dog.

While searching the prisoner's room at Radcliffe-road, Hitchin, witness found a torn, blood-stained shirt belonging to prisoner, and the sheets on the prisoner's bed had bloodstains on them.

Mary Chandler, 61, Meadow-road, South Lambeth, sister of the murdered woman, said that, after her sister's funeral, she saw some saucers wrapped in brown paper, the paper being smeared with blood.

There was blood on a number of bedroom articles of crockery. Whoever hit her sister must have knocked her head on the crockery.

Louis Roach, who lives next door to Mrs. Ridgley's shop, said that after half-past eight on the night of Monday January 27 he heard Mrs. Ridgley's dog bark. She also heard a thud and loud groans. After she went to bed at 11.15 p.m. she heard moaning for about an hour. Hearing adjourned until Tuesday.

"GHASTLY MISTAKE."

Wife Says Husband in Hospital Received Her "As a Friend."

A decree of restitution of conjugal rights was yesterday granted to Linda Goodwin, who said she was the daughter of Marchese Carlo di Galdestra, and now lived at a Southampton hotel. Mrs. Goodwin said she married James John Goodwin an officer in 1917, having obtained a decree of separation from her former husband. Hearing that Mr. Goodwin was in hospital at Portsmouth, suffering from shell-shock, she went to see him, but he received her "just as if he was receiving a friend." On September 11 he wrote her:—

By this time you probably realise what a ghastly mistake we have made.... We have altered my view of things, and having sufficient time to consider our position here in France, I do not intend to suffer more by continuing this awful pretence of married life.

During my stay in France I met the one man in the world. He is younger than myself, and as I cannot bear him I find it impossible to live with another woman.

Mrs. Goodwin, in reply, said she had not realised how far apart they had drifted. She asked him to try with her to return to the happiness of their early married life.

ARMY BILL AND APRIL 30, 1920.

Under the new Naval, Military and Air Force Service Bill, issued yesterday, the maintenance of such forces as may be required to meet exigencies arising before April 30, 1920, while men may be retained till that date, they will be released at the earliest moment the competent authority considers expedient.

The men to whom it applies are those who at the termination of the present war are in actual service in the naval, military or air forces of his Majesty and whose term of actual service expires at the termination of the present war or before the said thirtieth day of April.



Major Gen. Sir Swinton, K.C.B., M.C., D.S.O., M.M., who received the Chesney Medal for his services in the Russo-Japanese War. He was "Eye-Witness" in great battles, and organised Tank Corps.



Prof. George Saintsbury, F.R.S., who was knocked down by a motor car in Milson-street, Bath; he sustained extensive bruising, but was able to return home.

PANCAKE BATTLE.

The King Sees Westminster's Time-Honoured Custom.

QUEEN'S SMILE FOR VICTOR.

The King and Queen, Prince of Wales and Prince Albert yesterday witnessed the time-honoured ceremony of tossing the pancake at Westminster School, when Dennis Moonan, an Irish boy, was the strenuous winner.

There was the customary procession escorting the cook, gravely bearing the frying-pan and the coveted pancake from the kitchen to the great hall, where the boys were gathered in readiness.

The cook was on his mettle—and so were the boys. The former eyed the long bar, summed up the distance, and then, with a hefty toss, sent the pancake flying well over it.

Immediately there was a wild scrimmage, watched with amusement by the King and Queen and particularly by the Princess.

Moonan, left behind to receive the pancake, resisted all efforts to move him, and emerged later, flushed but triumphant, with practically the whole of the pancake, although it was obviously considerably flattened.

He was rewarded with a smile from the Queen and a word of approval from the King, and became the proud possessor of the guinea which was the reward for success.

Manchester's Day.—Six hundred students formed a procession through Manchester to the Hippodrome. The solemn burial of "Dora" was the outstanding feature of the "rag."

ORANGE TREES IN FRUIT.

Pretty Decoration Along Aisle for Wedding of Gold Brocade Bride.

Rows of tiny maidens led by Lady Maidstone's little Daphne, with Jean Hay, the niece of Lord Tweeddale, followed Countess Paul Pappenheim up the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, at her marriage to Count Baden.

The aisle was lined with round orange trees bearing golden fruits.

The bride was gowned in stiff gold brocade, made waistless, held by ropes of gold braid.

Her long train of cloth of gold was held up by the Hon. Christopher Finch Hatton and Master Owen Roberts.

At St. James', Spanish-place, yesterday, the wedding took place of the Hon. Ralph Evans-Freke, heir presumptive to Lord Carbery, of Freke Castle, Co. Cork, and Miss Vera Harrington-Moore, daughter of Mr. C. Harrington-Moore, of Craven-terrace, Lancaster-gate.

CABINET AND RENTS.

Restriction Act To Be Extended to Houses Up to £55.

The Government hoped to introduce a Bill this week to prolong the operation of the Restriction of Rents Act for a year from the termination of the war, said Mr. Bonar Law in the Commons yesterday.

It would allow rents to be increased by not more than 10 per cent, and the rate of mortgage interest to be increased by not more than 2 per cent with a limit of 5 per cent, and the Act would extend to houses whose rateable value at the beginning of the war did not exceed £55 in London, with a corresponding value in the provinces.

4d. IN THE £1 RATES DROP.

The last meeting of the London County Council yesterday—the elections are on Thursday—ended in good news for the ratepayers, for there was announced a reduction of 4d. in the £1 in the rates, viz., from 3s. 8d. to 3s. 4d. for 1919-20.

THE GUARDS' MARCH TO-DAY.

The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards will arrive at St. Pancras Station between 10 and 10.30 this morning, and will march to the Tower of London along the following route:—

Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, Newgate-street, Cheapside, Poultry, King William-street, Eastcheap, Great Tower-street and Tower-hill.

Weather Forecast.—Light breezes; showery; misty; mild.

HUGE LONDON BLAZE.

Furniture Depository Collapses with Crash Like Explosion.

SMOKE-MASKS IN STREETS.

A large furniture depository owned by Messrs. Hudson, at Victoria, was yesterday quickly reduced to a raging furnace by a fire which broke out during the afternoon.

Flames were first observed coming from one of the upper stories, and in an incredibly short time the whole interior was a mass of flames.

Shocks hung like a pall over the whole neighbourhood, filling the narrow streets, and made breathing so difficult that passers-by wrapped their handkerchiefs round their mouths and noses, some applying influenza masks.

The building, which was one of five stories, was packed with furniture.

A perfect tornado of water from scores of hosepipes was poured into the burning building by large numbers of firemen, but, despite this, the roof and floors fell in about five o'clock with a terrific noise as of a huge explosion, and the released flames shot hundreds of feet into the air.

Later sheets of flame settled on the S.P.C.K. premises, but were beaten back by the firemen.

"INHERITORS OF GLORY."

Mr. Churchill's Message to Young Rhine Battalions.

The Secretary for War has sent the following message to the young soldiers' battalions proceeding to the Rhine:—

You are about to proceed to Germany to form part of the British Army keeping its watch by the Rhine until the Germans carry out our just terms of peace.

You will find the British Army where its victories have led it along the banks of the most famous German river and in one of the finest of the enemy's cities. The bridgeheads which you will be guarding will enable the Allies at any moment to move swiftly forward into Germany in case of any failure of the enemy to comply with our rightful conditions.

I am confident that you will bear yourselves with modesty and with discipline.

The amount of pay ought to enable you to put by sum of money to help you on coming out of the Army.

Special arrangements will be made to help you to continue your education and to fit you to take your places in civil and industrial life. There will be good opportunities for athletic sport and games.

Lastly, you will realise that you are in a special sense the inheritors of the glories won by the British armies. I wish you God-speed.

'FLU IN THE B.E.F.

Death of Mr. Lottinga—Mr. Justice Atkin Ill.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Churchill said that the number of cases of bronchial pneumonia in the British Expeditionary Force admitted to hospital during the week ending February 8 was 238, and the number of deaths eighty-four.

Mr. Justice Atkin is a victim of influenza.

Mr. William North, one of the biggest individual contractors and buyers of horses, died suddenly yesterday from influenza.

Mr. William Lottinga ("Larry Lynx"), the well-known sporting journalist, died at Putney yesterday morning from influenza.

A familiar figure in sporting circles, Mr. Lottinga was continually involved in litigation.

The death rate in the south of Scotland, where the epidemic is said to be at last abating, was 42 per 1,000 for the past week—the highest on record.

At Ashford (Derbyshire) a mother and daughter died within a few hours of each other.

SIR HENRY MACMAHON.

Why Lord Grey Recalled Him When Egypt's High Commissioner

Replying to Earl Winterston in the Commons last night, Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, said Lord Grey recalled Sir Henry MacMahon, the first High Commissioner of Egypt, because his appointment had been temporary.

The Secretary of State at the time informed Sir Henry that in his judgment it was necessary to have someone in the position with special knowledge of the country.

The then Sir Henry's knowledge was such as peculiarly to qualify him, and Sir Reginald Wingate succeeded. It was no disparagement to Sir Henry that his experience had been in India.

Sir Henry had been rewarded by being given a G.O.M.G.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth said he would bring the views expressed to the notice of the Secretary of State in Paris and the Acting-Secretary.

P.O. SAVINGS BANK CHIEF.

Mr. Henry Joy has been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Davies as Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank.

BIG FOOD PRICE WAR COMING SOON.

Close-Cut Conflict to Follow De-Control.

PUBLIC WILL SCORE.

"When control is removed we shall see the biggest price war that has ever taken place in the food trades," said a well-known multiple storkeeper to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"It will dwarf all previous fights of the kind, and great benefit is certain to accrue to the public, since prices will be cut to the bone."

Bacon.—Prices will come down with a run. When control is taken off on March 30, bacon and the allied product, lard, should be 4d. a pound cheaper.

Before long large quantities of bacon will be brought into the market, and the price of meat will drop sympathetically.

Lard is already down 2d. a pound.

Tea.—After March 30 a 2s. tea should be on the market equal in quality to the present 2s. 8d. blend, while better qualities should be sold at about 2s. 4d. per pound. [The Food Controller announces that tea will be released from control on the 24th.]

Marjoraine.—It is not unlikely that the price will drop to 8d. per pound very soon.

Butter.—Butter will continue to be difficult until the summer.

Cheese.—There is little prospect of an immediate fall in price. Although Holland, New Zealand and Canada are ready to send us large quantities, not much will be available before May.

Eggs.—A well-known London storkeeper is already selling eggs at 3d. each.

Tinned Foods.—In a very short time prices will come down with a bump.

Meat.—Now 3d. per lb. cheaper than last week, and will come right down as soon as cheap bacon comes into the market. [Mr. Roberts

UNEMPLOYMENT FACTS.

A Labour Ministry official, interviewed yesterday, disclosed the following important figures:—

The rate of unemployment for the whole country is 170 per 10,000.

Birmingham's rate, 362 per 10,000, is the heaviest.

London's rate is 188 per 10,000.

Women and girls form 61 per cent, of the unemployed, ex-soldiers and sailors 10.1 per cent, and civilian men and boys 28.9 per cent.

foreshadows a further substantial reduction in prices shortly. Only 99,000 tons were in storage at present, and it was not prudent to have less.

Milk.—So far no decision has been come to with regard to milk control, the Milk Controller told a dairy conference yesterday, but special consideration, he said, would be given to points raised, especially as regards the fixing of prices, the powers of Control Committees, and the producers' prices for cheese. Much might be done by the trade to improve the quality of milk.

Against these facts a certain section is spreading the rumour that prices are going higher.

THE HADDOCK MYSTERY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ABERDEEN, Tuesday.

There were shorter supplies of fish. The popular trawler "Rock" fetched 20s. per box, the controlled rice being 7s.

Large haddock soared to £8, an increase of £24 per cent.

There were inflated prices for short fish supplies at Hull yesterday, and the Hull Fish Trade Advisory Committee yesterday expressed the strong opinion that control of prices should be reverted to. In that case, when supplies increased, prices would drop automatically.

LINER ASHORE ON ICEPACK.

St. John's (Newfoundland), Tuesday. The Furness liner *Appennine*, from Liverpool, has gone ashore on the Witless Point icepack.

As the entire east coast is blocked by ice, no relief will be available for the *Appennine* until a change of wind opens the floes.—Reuter.

A JEWISH HIGHLANDER FROM LEEDS

"Jews have played their part in the war in many ways in places. Early in the war I came across the name Lazarus Cohen, a Leeds man, serving in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders."—Mr. Herbert Samuel at Frascati's last night.

PEER'S £15,000 GIFT TO TOWN.

Lord Ashton, of Rylands, Lancaster, has given £15,000 to the popular resort of St. Anne's, near Blackpool.

PREMIER: "FAIR PLAY TO ALL CLASSES ALIKE."

WHY COAL COST YOU MORE LAST YEAR.

Extra 2s. 6d. a Ton on to 1s. Pre-War Profit.

WHAT U-BOATS DID.

Startling revelations were made at the first sitting of the Coal Commission at the House of Lords yesterday.

Reviewing the financial position of the industry before the war, Mr. A. L. Dickinson, Financial Adviser to the Coal Controller, said that—

The average output for the five years ending 1913 was 270 million tons per annum.

The average value at the pit head was 3s. 9d. per ton.

The profits were £19,000,000, less £6,000,000 in royalties, and as compared with succeeding years worked out as follows:—

1913	1s. 4d.	1916	2s. 11d.
1914	1s. 13d.	1917	2s. 2d.
1915	1s. 8d.	1918	3s. 6d.

The submarine menace was a very material factor in 1917 in increasing the cost. It absolutely killed the export trade. The result was that the collieries were blocked with wagons.

At one time there were 11,000 wagons standing full of coal in South Wales.

LAST YEAR'S PROFITS.

3s. 6d. Per Ton as Compared with 1/- in Pre-War Years.

Mr. Webb elicited that in 1917, while some collieries were making big profits, others were working at a loss.

The profits last year, said witness, were equivalent to 3s. 6d. a ton raised, as compared with a pre-war figure of 1s.

There were two justifications, said the witness, for the increase per ton put on by the Government in June, 1918.

One was the understanding that the coal control agreement should be made self-supporting, and the other was the fact that there were a number of collieries that were losing money.

In answer to Mr. Webb, witness said that if profits had been pooled it would not have been necessary to put prices up.

Mr. Webb: The effect of that was that consumers had to pay £25,000,000 out of which the Coal Controller got £10,000,000, and the Exchequer £10,000,000, leaving £5,000,000 in the hands of people who were already doing so well that they had to pay excess profits.

Witness explained that the increase was made to enable the collieries that were working at a loss to become self-supporting.

Mr. Webb: You were actually putting money into the pocket of those who did not need it. The wealthiest of the coal-owners were given £5,000,000 because you wanted the poorer of the mines to become a little more solvent.

COST OF NEW CONDITIONS.

Would Mean a Total Increase of 6/7 a Ton.

Referring to the increase by the Government of 2s. 6d. a ton in June last, Mr. Dickinson said that he had only been able to obtain the figures.

Mr. Webb: Oh, so when the 2s. 6d. was granted the Government did not know what the cost was?

The Witness: They did not know all this. Did the Controller know?—When the increase was granted in June we knew nothing whatever about the quarter ending March.

Sir L. Money: Did the War Council and the Premier know these figures?—I believe they were first given in an address by Dr. Stamp at the Royal Statistical Society.

Sir L. Money: The society got them before the Government.

Mr. Webb: Did the coalowners come and complain that they were making a loss?—Many did complain. They were the only people to come to the place; those who were doing well did not.

Mr. Webb: £25,000,000 a year was put on quite unnecessarily?—From your point, probably, but it was necessary to enable a very large proportion of their owners to get their costs paid.

In reply to questions Mr. Dickinson said that a reduction in hours would mean an increase of cost of 2s. 7d. per ton over the September, 1918, rate. An increase in wages would mean an increase in cost of 4s. per ton—a total increase of 6s. 7d.

Increase and shorter hours, coupled with rearrangement of peace rates, would mean 14 millions sterling.

BOLSHEVISTS' PRISONER.

Russian Wireless.

In the Archangel region, north-west of Plasetskaya, we took prisoner the British pilot of an enemy aeroplane brought down by us.

Frank Words to Both Masters and Men— "Germany Is Going to Pieces."

U.S. SENATE'S MOVE: WILSON IN QUANDARY?

"You are really a Peace Conference," said the Premier in addressing the Joint Industrial Committee yesterday, when he made an earnest appeal to masters and men to end the industrial unrest.

Following are chief points of the speech:

Russia is heading to destruction.

Germany is going to pieces.

Britain could save civilisation, but the industrial forces must save Britain.

We must banish unemployment. This could be achieved by fair play for all classes.

Workers must never again dread hunger and distress.

Your future prosperity depends on increased productivity.

Mr. Wilson, as the result of Senate "filibuster," will go to France without any definite promise of what the next Senate's attitude on the League will be.

"UNEMPLOYMENT MUST BE BANISHED."

Workers Must Never Again Dread Distress.

The Premier in addressing the Joint Industrial Committee yesterday, said:—

Russia has gone to pieces; she is heading to destruction and is calling out for food.

People are dying there by hundreds of thousands.

Germany is also going to pieces; she is vanquished and no one knows what her end may be.

Both sides are weary and bitter, lacking in cohesion, and their sufferings are very acute.

Great Britain is once more called upon to save the world; she must and will do it, and it

is too hard a punishment for honesty.

Let punishment you don't give to a criminal. You give a criminal three years, but you feed him.

To punish the man who is seeking work with three months' want of food for himself and his children—the State that permits that ought to be ashamed of itself.

The future prosperity of this country depends on increased productivity. You have got to do that. Let the workers understand that where there is an increase of products they will get the fair share.

The employers must never again say to the workers: "Ah! here you are; you are earning too much. Your wages must come down again."

The Joint Industrial Committee yesterday decided to appoint three sub-committees to make recommendations concerning:—

The methods of negotiations between employers and trade unions, including the establishment of a permanent Industrial Council to advise the Government, with a view to maintaining industrial peace.

Methods of regulating wages.

Unemployment and its prevention, and maintenance of the unemployed in those cases in which it is not prevented.

Unrest and output will be discussed by the whole committee at its next meeting.



The Queen of Romania will arrive in Paris to-day, and in London on Sunday.

Sir Evans Jones Bart., M.P., who has accepted the position of Coal Controller.

is largely by industrial unity that we can accomplish this task.

You are really a peace conference. On your deliberations will largely depend the peace not only of this country, but of the world. Let the world cry: "Let's follow Britain's example."

You may be satisfied with this in spirit. Let your approach be this in that spirit.

I want Britain to save it, but it cannot save it by the triumph of any one class. It can only save it by the triumph of justice and fair play to all classes alike. (Applause.)

I appeal to the employers and the workers not to try and get an advantage one over the other.

To the employers I say, don't try to get a temporary advantage; that would only mean ruin.

There must be a stream of prosperity in the whole land. There must be no barren, storm-swept patches.

We were engaged in setting up international boundaries; industrial boundaries were equally important.

Use your common sense; get a line to meet the justice of the case.

The fear of unemployment for the employers is the fear to the fear of unemployment for the workers; for employers it largely means a loss in profits.

It does not mean a loss of comforts or distress; for the workman it does.

PUNISHED BY STARVATION.

Our Prosperity Depends on Increased Production.

Put yourselves in the position of a workman who is out of work for two or three months, without a penny piece, except what he can get on the credit of the tradesmen, who rely upon his work.

We must banish unemployment. This can and must be done.

Some scheme must be devised by which the workers must never again be put in dread of the horrors of distress and hunger and of famine.

There must be some organisation to see that if unemployment came there was no suffering in honest homes.

SENATE'S ATTACK ON MR. WILSON'S POLICY.

Threat to Peace Treaty and League Plan.

"FILIBUSTER'S" SPOKE.

The U.S. Senate, with but a few hours to go before its final adjournment, not only making an onslaught on the League of Nations, but threatening the ratification of the Peace Treaty;

President Wilson, having said "farewell" to the White House officials, waiting in the capitol to sign the measures which were expected to go through before the Senate closed, and with all his preparations completed to commence his return journey to France;

Crowded galleries following the proceedings in both Houses, some staying in their seats all night.

In the end, the adjournment, and the passing of the Democratic regime with the most important Bills unpassed, and with Senator Lodge with sufficient signatures from the new Senate to defeat the ratification of the Peace Treaty.

That is, in brief, the story wired by Reuter's Washington correspondent yesterday.

This Republican move is what is known in American political language as "filibustering."

"PEACE TERMS FIRST."

Senator Lodge had a resolution directing the United States, first, to negotiate peace terms with Germany satisfactory to the Allies, and then carefully to consider a League of Nations proposal. He read out a list of Republican senators elected to the new Senate supporting this, and the number sufficient to defeat ratification of the Peace Treaty.

An Exchange message says senators are refusing to sign the round robin on the lines of Mr. Lodge's resolution.

Senator Lodge deplored the failure of the Railways Bill.

The "filibuster" was Mr. Sherman (Illinois), who began speaking at 7.30 a.m., and apparently Mr. Lodge and other leaders were unable to check him.

PRESENTER'S STATEMENT.

Immediately following the adjournment the President made a statement that "a group of men in the Senate" had chosen deliberately to embarrass the Government and the imperial and financial interests of the railway systems.

When President Wilson sails for France, says Reuter he does so without any definite promise of what the attitude of the next Senate will be towards the League of Nations.

Mr. Lodge said the failure of the Army Bill left the War Department in a difficult, but not serious, situation.

New York Harbour "Tied Up"—16,000 harbour workers struck in New York yesterday says the Central News, and an Exchange message adds that the Hudson River tube workers struck in sympathy; the union leaders declare for "a fight to a finish."

MARTIAL LAW PROCLAIMED IN BERLIN.

Fatal Riots—General Strike Called For—Civil War Expected.

AMSTERDAM, Tuesday.

In Berlin affairs have taken a turn for the worse, and last night, at a very excited meeting, the Workmen's Councils decided to proclaim a general strike.

At eight o'clock the tramway and underground railway services ceased, and there was fatal rioting in several parts of the city.

Military patrols were attacked and killed.

As a result of the riot a state of siege was proclaimed, and the Government summoned three divisions of troops to Berlin.

Practically all the metal workers and labourers have ceased work, and workers in the railway repairing depots are joining the strike. The gas works, police service and food industries will remain unaffected.

"AWAY WITH EVERYTHING."

The *Rothe Fahne* (Red Flag) publishes a violent article urging the workers to strike and inciting them to remain in the factories in order to carry out as much destruction as possible.

The article ends: "Away with Eberl, Scheidemann, and the Socialists and the National Assembly. All power to the Labourers' Councils!"

It is reported from Cassel that a Spartacist mob yesterday tore up the railway lines between Bebra and Eisenach.

Three men who crossed the Dutch frontier into Germany were arrested near Herzogenrath. They were found possessed of a great number of Russian roubles and Bolshevik documents.

The general strike comprises the whole of Saxony, and a strike is expected to-day in Weimar.

In Bavaria there is already a strong peasant army formed, and in other states the peasants are getting armed, and a civil war may be expected in a short time.—Exchange.

U.S. AND IRELAND.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.

The House of Representatives by 216 votes to 41 adopted a resolution expressing the hope that the Peace Conference would "favourably consider the claims of Ireland to the right of self-determination."—Reuter.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

There was a sensational development in the Danish Cabinet crisis to-day.

At a meeting between King Christian and the party leaders, however, the king would not accept the formation of any Cabinet against the will of the Folketing, the Danish Lower House.

The present Cabinet has been overthrown by a manoeuvre of the Upper House.

In spite of the fact that the Germans had mobilised all their political influence and caused every man and woman to vote, they were swamped in the county council elections in North Schleswig.—Exchange.

DANE'S DEMOCRATIC KING

THE DANCING CRAZE.

"... No, I'm afraid I'm not up to date, you see, I don't dance," said Diana dismally, when I invited her to come to Jazz the other day.

"Don't dance!" I ejaculated. "Why everybody dances now—débutantes and dowagers, pallid youths and paterfamilias—I believe some even go so far as to Foxtrot in between the courses of table d'hôte, and so persistent is youth to trip it night in, night out, that smart hostesses are forced to engage two bands to play alternately at their balls—otherwise the best dancers refuse to turn up."

"No, Diana, you can't be so hopelessly out of date as not to dance!"

"How can I?" said Diana. "I work at the War Office every day, with barely time to snatch my lunch, let alone design a dress and arrange a fitting, and what with tube strikes, independent taxi-drivers, and overloaded 'buses, it's no fun, I can tell you, trying to start on a shopping expedition."

"Why don't you do what everyone else is doing?" I suggested. "Shop at Swan and Edgar's—the Great Corner Shop at Piccadilly Circus?—Planted right in the middle of the modern woman's world it is the rendezvous where smart Society congregates."

"There everything is obtainable. This 'débutantes' Eldorado' dresses the modern girl from head to her heels at a great saving of money, time, and trouble."

"Believe me, in these busy days nobody spends hours over dress fittings. If you dance every night you soon discover all you want is a collection of dainty frocks that you can step into all ready-made, and which call for the minimum of alteration to give them an individuality that stamps them as having been built expressly for their wearers."

"These are made a speciality at Swan and Edgar's, who are the dance-dress experts of to-day."

"Go to them and you will find dressing made a pleasure instead of a toil. Moreover, you'll find everything you want, from the fashionable floral wreath that keeps the modern débutante's hair so tidy, to those wonderful brocaded shoes that, flecked with gold, go with literally every dress you possess. Mindful of the damage done by dark uniforms and no gloves, and realising that the girl of to-day has more need for bright coloured frocks than the simple white tulle of yesterday, they cater accordingly."

"So it is all through—everything is made easy and economical for those who go to this great centralised shop, which is the hub of the dress world."

"It certainly sounds easy," said Diana, "so easy that I think I'll accept your invitation to dance to-night; only you must go now, or my limited lunch hour will have flown before I've had time to Foxtrot up to Swan and Edgar's, and Jazz into one of those wonderful creations you so temptingly describe."

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Ven-Yusa is specially designed to benefit the skin, and acts in quite a novel and exclusive way. Its effect is comparable with a refreshing and beautifying "oxygen bath."

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Our boys are returning, and with them is returning that greatly-missed family favourite—'Camp' Coffee. The soldiers and sailors have found refreshing cheer in its delicious, invigorating qualities—soon you will be enjoying its rich fragrance as in days before the war.

'CAMP' COFFEE

Supplies are becoming available in increasing quantities. Stimulating, sustaining, pure and wholesome. The ever-ready friend of the worker and busy housewife.

Only needs the addition of boiling water.

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In the tin one food may look like another, but there the resemblance of any other food to Benger's ends.

BENGER'S Food

while being prepared becomes blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

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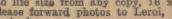
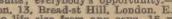
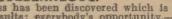
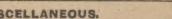
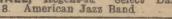
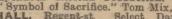
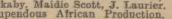
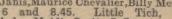
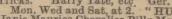
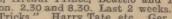
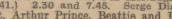
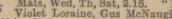
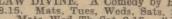
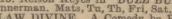
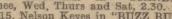
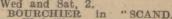
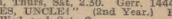
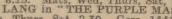
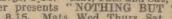
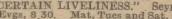
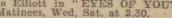
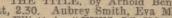
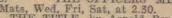
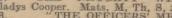
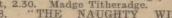
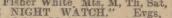
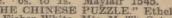
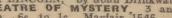
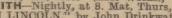
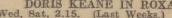
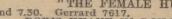
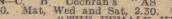
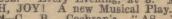
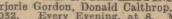
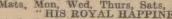
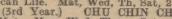
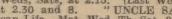
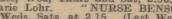
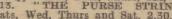
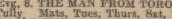
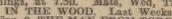
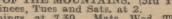
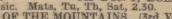
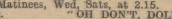
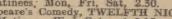
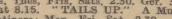
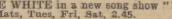
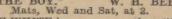
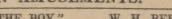
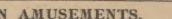
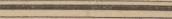
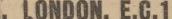
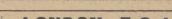
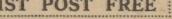
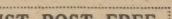
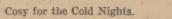
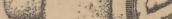
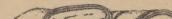
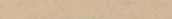
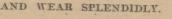
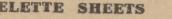
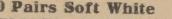
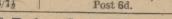
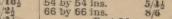
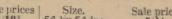
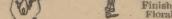
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Marvelous Values in TABLE CLOTHS.



Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1919.

THE FOOD PROBLEM.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S rousing speech to the Joint Committee of masters and men yesterday put the essence of the present industrial crisis very briefly and clearly—"the future prosperity of this country depends on increased productivity,"

On that; and not on quarrels!

On that; and, above all, on increased productivity in food and food-stuffs.

This is the great problem: the food problem.

The profiteer, first, must be closely watched. We are glad the Food Controller promised us yesterday that he has his eye on him.

Uncontrolled prices and supplies need not be interpreted by anybody as an invitation to uncontrolled profits. We do not want the empty shop and the food queue again. And from these evils (let us remember) food control largely delivered us.

Prices and profits—this is the home problem as regards food. But the food problem is also a world problem; not domestic only.

It is the problem of Russia—starving, and therefore anarchical.

It is the problem of Germany—half-starved and therefore threatened with anarchy. And if Germany slips into anarchy what will it mean—for us?

A new Bolshevik guerilla war, a vast army of occupation, more military budgets, more debt, more shortage, higher prices, labour trouble intensified.

A fatal circle!

The only way to avoid it is by increasing, bettering, rightly distributing food.

As regards fish and fruit—and soon as regards meat—there are signs already that a prospective gamble may require the attention of the Food Controller. The anxious housewife looks to him for help.

On proper control and production of food depend the whole hope of stability and order for the next few months.

A MIDDLE-CLASS UNION?

WE can only see one objection—and "only a little one"—to Mr. Kennedy Jones' rousing programme for a Union for the Middle Classes—whereby they could resist predatory taxation and the pain of being squeezed dry between the "working classes" and the profiteer.

The objection is that the Middle Classes never will admit that they are the Middle Classes at all!

Some of them claim (quite justly) to be the working classes.

These are the bold, the originals, the Bolsheviks (if you like) amongst them.

Many more of them pretend (or aspire) to be the upper classes. They follow in the footsteps of the great.

Thus—for so long!—snobbery, that respectable vice or habit of mind, has kept these Middle Classes from Union.

Hence their fate at the hands of taximen, rate collectors, landlords, retail tradesmen, tailors. Hence their need for the black coats they cannot afford. Hence those appearances they cannot keep up and the expensive (and totally useless) education they cannot afford. The poor things, to tell the truth, lack class consciousness altogether!

That consciousness, growing in other classes, may by opposition give the Middle Classes the self-protective energy they lack.

They may even bring it to the point of not using rude taxis. In that case, the Kensington feminine blackleg will be arrested as she hails the rude fellow on a rainy day. It will be the first clear sign that the Middle Class is beginning to protect itself.

But it must realise itself first! W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Never bear more than one trouble at a time; some people bear three kinds—all they ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Lord Avebury.

'OUT OF CONTROL': A WORD TO TRADESMEN

HOW THEY CAN HELP THE COUNTRY IN THE CRISIS.

By Mrs. ADRIAN ROSS.

I SUPPOSE on the first day that fish was released from control many fishmongers greeted their customers with a bright smile accompanied by the remark: "Fish is out of control to-day!"

The words conjured up boundless possibilities.

The humorous mind immediately saw vast armies of fish bounding up the streets with waving fins; but the harassed housewife has more or less lost any sense of humour that she had, and her sole thought was "Now, of course, they can charge us what they like!"

Shall we at the mercy of the food merchants now that control is lifting? Will they lose their self-control and indulge in a pitiful plunder?

The health of the nation has suffered greatly owing to the inferior quality of food,

some house, fine clothes, plenty of pleasure. Are these things to be bought at the cost of our fellow creatures?

People who are poor are inclined to resent their richer brethren, and you can hardly wonder at it. If you walk through any of the large luxurious stores in London and see the countless expensive trifles that are for sale and for which there must be a demand (otherwise they would not be stocked) it makes you marvel to think of the people who have money to squander, and it is small wonder that the poorer classes become discontented and rebellious.

THE CLASS THAT SUFFERS.

Life for them is a pretty drab affair, composed mainly of a struggle to provide the decent and necessary things of life.

I can well imagine a woman who is wondering if she can afford a substantial breakfast for her delicate husband, who has to work hard all day long, screaming with fury when she sees a rich woman spending ten or fifteen shillings on a small box of powder. It all seems so unequal and so wrong!

THE POCKET TELEPHONE: WHEN IT WILL RING!



The latest modern horror in the way of inventions is supposed to be the pocket telephone. We can imagine the moments this instrument will choose for action! —(By W. K. Haselden.)

and now the patriotism of the shopkeepers and wholesale merchants is going to be put to the test.

The majority of people simply cannot afford to pay higher prices than hitherto. The cost of living is three times what it was. But incomes have not trebled in the same way. So that if the price of food goes up, it will simply be a case of doing with less.

Wonder if this point of view will strike the man who is intent on making money at any cost?

Will he realise that he is squeezing the life out of his fellow creatures, and that thousands of people are going to suffer in order to fill his money-bags? I suppose it would be considered ridiculous and sentimental to suggest such qualities as nobility and unselfishness in connection with trade, and yet what a chance presents itself for all the wholesalers and retail merchants to unite in helping England to stand on her feet physically!

Money is more or less of a god with most people, but when you have amassed great sums of money what does it mean? A hand-

It is not only the so-called "poor" who suffer.

Professional people with small incomes have an even harder struggle, for they have more appearance to keep up, while as for the people with small pensions and old people who struggle along on tiny fixed incomes their case is often deplorable.

For these people the smallest regular cost, in addition to that budgeted for at the beginning of each year, may mean disaster.

Theirs are the only incomes that do not change for the good. They are a fixed-salaried class, and they do not get "bonuses" as a rule.

Therefore everything they buy has to be bought out of the annually fixed sum. And no class has suffered more from the war or endured suffering with greater patience.

There is nothing that will encourage the Bolshevik spirit more than a further rise in food. So, for the good of the nation, let us hope that self-control on the part of the food merchants will not also be released!

E. A. R.

YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGE.

WOMEN READERS ON THE BEST TIME FOR MARRIAGE.

TOO YOUNG?

WHEN Mr. Duncan painted for us in glowing colours the happy results of the youthful union, he did not seem to consider the responsibility of the young girl.

Of course, it is nice to have a home of one's own, and to have a special duty—i.e., the care of the person whom we love most of all—yet when trouble comes hand in hand with poverty and the girl wife learns the meaning of an empty purse her smile fades, her men changes and she grows discontented.

She has been taken straight from the parental protection and handed over to the protection of a husband at the ridiculous age of twenty-one or two.

In less than a couple of years she becomes a broken-spirited sort of girl, without any aim or hope—with, instead, the knowledge that she must drag through the weary length of years to come, always planning and contriving, always thinking for others, with never any enjoyment to help along the heavy wheel of life.

Where is the encouragement? Where is the home attraction? E. W.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

BEING a "mope boy" of some seventeen summers when I enlisted in 1914, I am proud of the fact that I was holding a high rank before I was nineteen years of age, whilst the middle-aged man, so filled with serious thoughts and flowing inspirations, was still stationary.

Our best subalterns and, in many cases, senior officers are "mope boys," particularly in the Air Service, to which our country owes so much for the part played in the great war.

The most daring acts of heroism in the field, air and sea have been perpetrated by youngsters. The country owes a great deal to its young blood, and the best our authors can do is to write nothing but the highest words of praise.

The chorus girl, whom Mr. Tozer sets up as his object lesson, is not the modern girl. The modern girl has been doing "terpsichorean" performances in shell factories and up and down streets since the war began.

Therefore, it is hardly just to form an opinion of the modern young man from the examples displayed by "stage-door Johnnies."

I hate to imagine the fate of our great country if it waited for every man to become middle-aged before contracting a matrimonial partnership!

YOUNG 'UN.

"DOERS" AND "TALKERS."

I DON'T think Mr. Basil Tozer is right when he says that girls prefer middle-aged men.

Girls may have appeared to prefer their company during the last few years, simply because nearly all the fellows of their own age were fighting or doing war work of some description. Hence the middle-aged man had the field all to himself.

It would be well to remind the pretty girl who remarked to Mr. Tozer that "most boys bored her with their silly talk and lack of ideas" that these same boys have been "doers" during the last few years, and consequently may not be such highly-interesting "talkers" as the middle-aged men whom she prefers. A GIRL CLERK.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Sold-outers.—M. B.'s letter, "Learn to Read," and make home-life possible, is very sensible. Why cannot we spend our evenings in educating ourselves? Lots of people whose education has been neglected would be glad to do this if they knew how to do it in an interesting way.—A. T. C.

No Partners.—I noticed the letter of "A Dancing Boy," saying that at public schools dancing would be impossible because we could not manage without the "fairer sex." Considering that Osborne and Dartmouth have weekly dances without lady partners, and have done so for several years, surely the public schools could not go far wrong in copying an idea of our silent service!—ANOTHER "DANCING BOY."

This Year's Resolution.—Let our latest resolution this year be this—to do good to one another. That need not be "depressing," I agree. That was not "depressing" enough.—VICAR.

Jazz Education.—It is an old mistake to suppose that education must be "amusing." The very object of education is to teach us to do things we do not at first sight want to do.—SCHOOLMASTER.

FIRST TASTE OF SPRING.

The day was a van-bird of summer; the robin still piped, but the blue,

As a warm and dreamy palace, with voices of larks singing there;

Looked down as if wistfully eying the blossoms that fell from its lap;

A day to sweeten the juices; a day to quicken the All round the shadowy orchard sloped meadows in gold, and the deer

Sly violets breathed their hearts out; the maiden breath of the year!

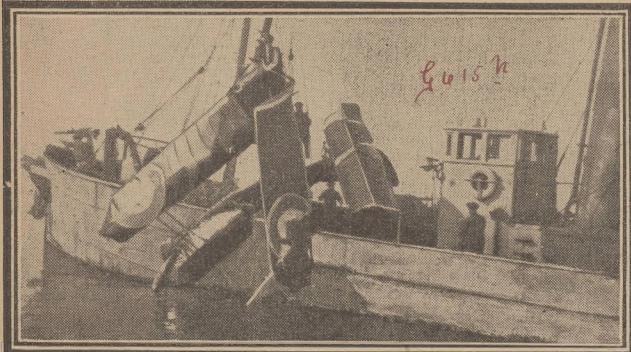
GEORGE MEREDITH.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 4.—If a warm border is available, the first sowing of spinach may now be made, providing the weather is favourable. Since this vegetable needs well-manured and deeply-dug soil, see that the ground is in good condition before sowing.

The drills should be twelve inches apart; when the young plants appear, thin them to nine inches apart. Soil dusted along the rows will promote healthy growth. Make further sowings at intervals of about three weeks for succession. E. P. T.

TRAWLER SALVES A SEAPLANE.



No craft proved more useful during the war, and the number of their jobs was legion. The photograph shows one of these small vessels salving a British seaplane which fell into the sea during a heavy fog.

NO "SCRUM" FOR THESE PANCAKES.



Pancake Day was celebrated at the American Y.M.C.A. Eagle Hut in Aldwych as well as at Westminster School. But there was no scrabble at the hut, the men lining up in a queue for their portions.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



A BRIDE TO BE.—Miss Phyllis Edith Cook, whose engagement to Lieut. Arthur Victor Hyde, M.C., is announced.



A DEATH.—The Ven. Charles Escott, Archdeacon of Lewisham. He was one of South London's best-known clergymen.



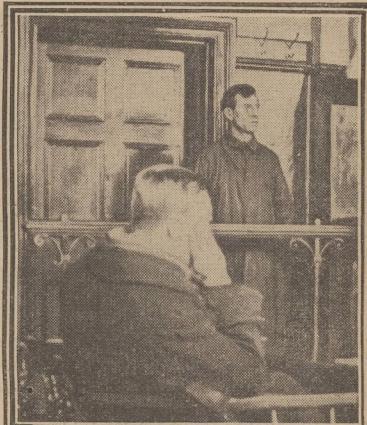
THE DAZZLE BALL.—The programme of the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, which is to be held at the Albert Hall.



BRITISH AIRMEN'S FUNERAL.—Two pilots who crashed were buried in Cologne Cemetery. Officers carrying one of the coffins.—(Official photograph.)



REWARD OFFERED.—Miss Ine Cameron, stage manager of "Old Vic," Waterloo-road, has lost beautiful red Chow dog. Answers name of "Huz" — Address on collar, "Burton Court, Ross." Liberal reward to finder.



THE HITCHIN MYSTERY.—John Healy, who is charged with the murder of Elizabeth Ridgeley, seated in the dock yesterday. Further light was thrown on her tragic death. (Report on page 2.)



SOLDIERS' GRATITUDE.—The silver shield received by the girls of the Coburg-road L.C.C. School, Camberwell, from the 68th Battery. The girls subscribed for comforts,



A GREAT RACE.—Trinity Hall, the winners' of the fixed-seat eights at Cambridge. The coxswain, who hails from South Africa, showed great judgment.

NIGHT TRAVELLING BY AIR.

THE TRINITY HOUSE OF THE SKIES.

By PAUL BEWSHER.

Some interesting suggestions are given here as to the system that may be employed to safeguard night travellers.

WITH the development of commercial aviation night travelling will be carried on in the same way as it is in steamship and railway services.

The fall of darkness will not interrupt the journey. The aeroplane or airship will fly on, and no time will be lost.

The passengers, and the pilots not on duty, will be able to sleep very comfortably. The motion of an aeroplane, with its undercurrent of vibration, tends to drowsiness rather than wakefulness.

The airships making long flights, perhaps from Melbourne to Calcutta, or Capetown to London, will fly on through the night, the pilots relieving each other in definite watches, as on board ship.

The experiences of the war have shown that night flying is very practicable, and presents few more difficulties than day flying. The pioneer work has already been done. Most of the obstacles presented by navigation and landing in the dark have been overcome.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS.

One thing is certain, however—that there will have to be a very carefully-organised system of control, all over the world. The Elder Brethren of Trinity House, or some similar official body, will have to furnish the world with harbour, coast and ocean lights to guide the vessels of the midnight sky.

While prophecy is easy and unreliable, yet certain developments are so essential that they are almost certain to be adopted. Every landing ground, for example, must be marked with a definite signal, visible some fifteen or twenty miles away. It may be a flashing light or a group of fixed lamps—three white, two red, a red and green, or something similar; but whatever form it takes, this beacon will have to be unmistakable, so that it can be distinguished at once from the sea of twinkling lights which dot a heavily-populated countryside at night, in order that a machine which is lost in mist, or is otherwise compelled to land, may be able to proceed at once to the nearest aerodrome.

In the event of clouds or mist this sign will have to be supplemented by high-rising rockets or cloud-piercing searchlights, to guide any machine in distress. Fog or mist at night is very dangerous to aircraft and may cause grave casualties unless very bold and well-thought-out guiding devices are used.

THE RESTLESS SLEEPER.

Each of the landing grounds will have an illuminated wind arrow showing the direction of the wind to assist the pilot, who will not otherwise be able to discover it, as the drift of smoke from factory chimneys, and the movements of the wind pennants will be invisible. The surface of the aerodrome will be lit up by flares to facilitate ascent and descent, and there will have to be a "Request permission to land" signal from the aircraft, with an answering "Aerodrome clear" or "Aerodrome blocked" signal from the ground, in order to avoid accidents.

Any ditches or factory chimneys or tall masts near the aerodrome will carry a red light, and the top of each hangar will probably have a small distinguishing lamp also.

The coast lines of Europe will have to be clearly defined to prevent fast aeroplanes, lost in the mist, from "falling over the edge" and landing in the sea instead of on the earth. This is a very dangerous possibility, especially in the case of a small island like England, which, aeronautically speaking, is only a few hours across.

The Board of Control will allocate different levels to aircraft flying in opposite directions on the same route, and each aeroplane or airship will have to bear green and red navigation lights, and a very brilliant head and tail light, distinguishable twenty miles or so away.

This aerial commerce of the darkness is not going to make the world a hideous place. The tranquillity of the hours of sleep will not be disturbed.

If a restless sleeper wakes up late at night and looks out of his window into the fragrant gloom above his garden, he will see a few moving stars among the fixed ones, and will hear a murmuring in the air as though the ghosts of the draway bees were abroad in the darkness.

P. B.

HOW BAD HEALTH IS SPREAD AROUND

INSANITARY METHODS THAT SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

By ETHEL MORRISON.

I NOTICED the other day, in one of the papers, a letter from a correspondent protesting against the way in which the same cloth was used for wiping out the wash-hand basins of different bedrooms in hotels and such places.

It is certainly a most insanitary proceeding, and a visitor would be well advised to keep a bottle of disinfectant handy, so as to rinse out the basin before using it.

But this is only one of the many things that happen that should not happen, and it is really rather appalling, if you begin to think of all the "germy" risks you run.

When you sleep in a strange bed there is always the feeling that someone else has had the same blankets over them, so you tuck the sheet well under your chin and hope for the best.

I do not suppose there are many hotels in which the bath is rinsed through with a disinfectant after it has been used, and I have never come across a liquid-soap fountain in a public dressing-room in England, though possibly they may exist.

Then, with regard to the food that we buy. I have seen bakers' boys with dirty hands delivering the bread naked and unashamed—the bread, not the boys! The sight drove me to getting bread from a firm that delivered it in hermetically-sealed packets.

In shops cooked meats, cheese and such

things are all displayed on the counter, and well-breathed over by intending purchasers. As for the cheaper shops that display their wares on counters open to the street, one shudders to think of the dust and microbes that must alight on the food.

The laundry is another place that gives one pause to think. People have often contracted illnesses through sending their clothes to a careless laundry.

If we began seriously to brood over all these matters, we should never have a moment's peace, and it is, perhaps, just as well that we don't!

We cannot chain ourselves to our homes. We cannot disinfect every particle of food that we eat, and if we did we couldn't digest it.

For most of us it would be an impossibility to do the family laundry at home, though at the present rate some of us may be compelled to eke out a modest income by taking in one another's washing. On the other hand, I think, as a civilised nation, we might improve certain conditions.

It should be a point of honour with hotel proprietors and restaurant keepers to have all their kitchen arrangements as clean and scientific as possible, with every modern facility for washing, rinsing, and drying.

In this way we should not feel eggs, bananas and oranges to be about the only food to be eaten with security.

However, it does not do to become morbid over all these details; with so many germs rampant it is only right and necessary to take a few reasonable precautions, such as plenty of baths, fresh air and exercise, and having taken them, we shall at least feel we have done our best to fight the germs. E. M.

FACING THE WORLD AS A CIVILIAN.

SOME OF THE PROBLEMS THAT FOLLOW DEMOBILISATION.

By "C.O.-SIGNS."

From this article one may gather why many soldiers prefer to remain in the Army.

THOSE who are amongst the multitude of the "demobbed" at present think enviously of their comrades who have been able to remain in the old army, or who are fit enough to go into the new.

It is a hard time to be looking for a job. The reason is not far to seek. Strikes and rumours of strikes have paralysed business. Far from starting new enterprises and thinking about new concerns, Capital has spread its wings and prepared to fly the country.

Thus all through the community, in every class, there is little work to be had, and that at a time when trade may be snatched from us by a country that has not known such misfortunes as ours.

Our young officers go from bureau to bureau and are turned down everywhere.

"Nothing doing," "Can't hold out any hopes here."

"What about S— and Co.?"

"Failed!"

"What about that business on the Clyde you spoke of last month?"

"Moved to Canada." "Couldn't face our labour troubles!"

THE WAITING LIST.

"Agriculture?"

"Can't start anything. No coal. No machinery. No cottages. Nowhere to put people. You can't expect anyone to make a move in building while this uncertainty lasts."

Jobs seem to become beautifully less as time goes on, and as long as business is snowed in by threats so long will this state of things continue.

But take the officer class, as good as any, drawn, in these days, from all sections of the community. See what the experience of such a man is. He is not, perhaps, very fit, having only just recovered from wounds; but he is kept going from Government bureau to bureau vainly looking for a job.

"They sent for me at nine o'clock yesterday morning, kept me waiting two hours, then a boy of seventeen interviewed me and said his chief couldn't see me."

We all know that boy. He used to bear the brunt of our wrath when we went to complain of income tax in the old days.

"At another place they told me to call again, and when I did said there was no job, nothing doing. I can't be badgered like this, and I'm not going round to see these blighters any more."

CAN HE MARRY?

"Not that it's their fault; only they might be more agreeable over it. Some old Johnnies shout as if we and they were back in the old 'Form fours' days. You know that sort of roar? Shall we ever forget it?"

"Everywhere they tell us, 'It's all the strikes. They are holding up the men's jobs and our jobs, too.'

"Marry! Hasn't Betty been waiting for me two years? She has a little money, but how can we marry when there's no job for me?"

"I thought I had only to ask to have, the minute I got out of the Army. You see, I was still at Oxford when war began. Hadn't started anything."

"Now, no one can move."

"Do you know Billy Devereux? He was one of those who took the marriage advice—went in for it while still a captain. Had a job waiting for him. Was demobbed."

"Strikes began. Something all down the long chain of 'em hit his boss's concern. Smash went the business, and they were all turned out."

"Saw him the other day with his boots worn through. Baby howls all night, of course, and he can't get any sleep and can't get away from it. That's the worst of marriage in poverty—you can't ever get away. You're bang up against it all the time. Why need people strike and hold one another up like this?"

"And all the rest of us small fry go under while they're roaring. Perhaps it doesn't matter if Billy and Flo join the submerged tenth, the strikers for one won't care. But there's the baby. It seems a pity. He, you see, is a soldier's son."

"Perhaps our workers will recover their sanity before it is too late and before Billy and Flo and the baby have sold up their home and gone under."

M. L.



AT YESTERDAY'S INVESTITURE.—Mrs. Huish, M.B.E., leaving the Palace. She did valuable work with the Salvation Army.

WILL THE FLAPPER TAKE TO HOME LIFE?

HOW SHE WILL SETTLE DOWN AFTER WAR.

By CLIFFORD INCE.

WHILE the flapper has been "seeing life" at the theatres and cinemas during the war, playing hostess to a different boy every day, has she forgotten how to love?

There are many who say she will never settle down to home life or office work like her quieter sisters; indeed, that these high-spirited, jolly girls, with their hosts of "boys" and eternal craze for "chocs" and theatres, have even become incapable of retaining a real love which is the corner-stone of the happy marriage.

Admittedly the flapper has been guilty of a lot of flirting in the past. But the past was an exceptional time to live in.

She saw her brothers go to the war and her elder sisters to war work. Her mother was often engaged in charitable pursuits. What was there left for the gay young spirit?

Then the boys started coming home on leave, anxious to crowd a lifetime of gaiety into every precious minute of those ten days, respite from the trenches.

And the flapper realised her opportunity.

The boys needed entertaining, and she was the only member of the community with sufficient leisure to do it.

She started out to fill her newly-created position with enthusiasm. Her companions were full of wonderful stories of adventure, the theatres opened up a new world after the dull existence in the suburb where she lived.

As the months went by she began to forget

the days when a trip to London was a rarity. Her appetite for pleasure grew with her experience, and engrossed in the round of gaiety she did not notice the attention she was causing until it was almost too late.

Of the many injustices done to the flapper, perhaps the greatest is the suggestion that her novel "war work" has unsettled her for taking her place in the home which may one day be hers. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Behind the frivolous chatter and harmless flirtations with which she reminded the weary soldier that there was a silver lining to every cloud, there lingered all the instincts of the wife and the mother.

To think otherwise is to brand their light-hearted gaiety as a terrible thing which destroyed all the finer instincts—a national danger to be ruthlessly stamped out.

And the flapper, like most young people, disliked criticism. When she overheard doubts about her flirtations she wondered why everybody admired her sister in an office and yet nobody had a good word for her efforts to amuse the "boys."

At least, nobody except the boys. They knew the flapper and have seen her on the platform almost before daybreak bidding farewell to a friend on his way back to the trenches.

They know what those many partings cost her, and they admire her all the more. The soldier can afford to smile when he hears that the flapper will never "do any good" as a wife.

He has his own ideas about it, and now he is coming home he intends to put them to the test—and take the chance.

O. L.

NAVY FROCK.

IN NEWS



Frock of navy satin motorc. The collar line arrangement of the fringe and the straight panel are features which will interest.



Px2986
Mr. Lottinger, the sporting journalist, who has died. He was better known under his pen name of Larry Lynx.



Px4182
Viscountess Maitland, whose play is shortly to be produced in Britain. It is entitled "The Slave Market."



Px3734
Major Sir W. Harvey-Bathurst, Bart., D.S.O., to marry Katharine, widow of J. H. Nevill, Grenadier Guards.



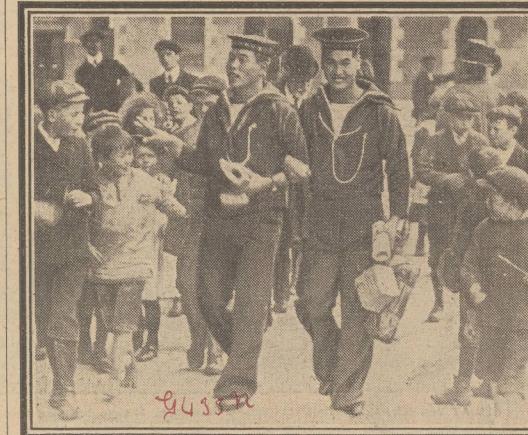
AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.—Miss Vera Neville, who is in the cast of "A Certain Liveliness."

BRITISH NURSES WITH THE—

HAI



A visit to the Rhine naval patrol at Cologne. Motor-launches are used for the purpose.



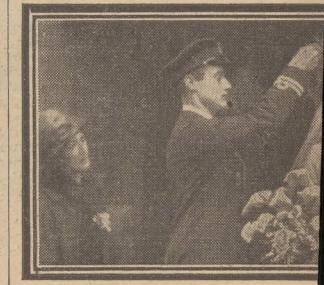
Returning from a shopping expedition. They bought many souvenirs.



Japanese and British fill the top of a tramway-car.

NAVAL VISITORS.—The crews of a squadron of eight Japanese warships are visiting Portsmouth before returning home. They had been doing duty in the Mediterranean. They are being entertained officially.

Though the men of the army of occupation had suffered a certain amount of sickness, and there



AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BROMPTON, BRIDE, Miss Rona Turner, daughter



General Sir D. Wilson, awarded the Distinguished Service Order.



Lieut.-Gen. Sir D. Wilson, awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

OW.

—RHINE ARMY OF OCCUPATION.



On the banks of the Rhine. In the background is the Hohenzollern Bridge, which spans the river.



e406x

ain the working of their gun.
healthiest of lives there is bound to be a
o attend to them.—(Official photographs.)



O'Donnell, son of Colonel O'Donnell, and his
d Mrs. Turner, of Inveralmond.

"DEMOBING" THE POLIS.—France must, of course, keep an army in being on the Rhine, but is releasing a large number of men, who will ease the labour problem.—*(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)*

A bearded veteran signs the necessary papers.

"DEMOBING" THE POLIS.—France must, of course, keep an army in being on the Rhine, but is releasing a large number of men, who will ease the labour problem.—*(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)*

IN NEWS

PARIS COAT.



P680
Cardinal Bourne, who has had a high order confirmed to him by King Albert for assisting Belgians in exile.



P1816
The Marchioness of Granby, wife of the Duke of Rutland's late son, recovering from a serious illness.



P1859
Col. H. E. Maxwell, D.S.O., who has died. He fought in South Africa and was mentioned.



A practical type of coat in tan tricotine, which depends on buttons of self material for its trimming. It has a large collar.



P8415



P6114S
CINEMA STAR ILL.—Miss Alma Taylor, who has contracted influenza. This means the postponement of a new film.

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Complete Set 15/-
With seven years' written guarantee.

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Single Teeth 2/-

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No one can look their best with broken, decayed or disfigured teeth. If you yourself desire perfect teeth and a hundred per cent. better appearance, go to Williams to-day. Here you have the advantage of the highest skilled dentistry at fees that are a revelation of cheapness. There is no waiting. Advice is given free. If unable to call, drop a postcard for free booklet "Perfect Teeth," which will be sent post free.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

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To SEE it is to wish for jars of "Silver Shred" galore, To TASTE it is to love it and to want it more and more.

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Simple Appliance Replaces Truss!

Adjustable to Any Size Person.—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief, Made for Men, Women and Children.

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You should send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought even had.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in common trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and the prices are so reasonable, the terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending the free coupon.

A few letters from grateful patients:

Saved His Life.

No. 2, Galley End, Galleywood,
Nr. Chelmsford, Essex.

Dear Mr. Brooks,—Having worn your Appliance from the time it arrived, I think it my duty to acknowledge that your Appliance saved my life. By wearing a common steel truss I fell back under ten stone in weight, and since wearing your Appliance for the past two months I have increased to the weight of thirteen stone. I can now do my heavy work with ease, and must thank you for your kindness and the straightforward manner you dealt with me. I shall do all in my power to recommend your Appliance to friends around who suffer from this terrible complaint. You can make what use you like of this letter, and I will answer with pleasure any letter from those who would like to know about the Appliance.—Yours truly, S. J. KING.

"A Permanent Cure."

3, Annetta Road, Holloway, N.
I have not worn the Appliance for more than four months. I believe that I have received a permanent cure by the use of your Appliance, for which I offer you grateful thanks, and I will recommend the Appliance to all sufferers whom I know. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way that will be helpful to other sufferers.

J. CHESHIRE.

Child's Rupture Successfully Treated.

School Street, School Lane, Nr. Preston, Lancs.

Dear Sir.—It is with the greatest pleasure I am writing these few lines to you with regard to the Rupture Appliance I bought from you several months ago for my little boy, for it has been a marvellous success. From the night I put it on him until now he has not caused us the least trouble, and I shall recommend you and your Appliance to all I know. If you wish to use these few words of recommendation you are at liberty to do so.—I remain,

Yours truly, WM. HENDRICKSON.

Post the Coupon below after writing in your name and address. If in London call at our Consulting Rooms, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2. Nurses for Ladies and Children.

Free Information Coupon.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (842 S), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

Name

Address

Please write plainly





Mrs. Lysaght, wife of Lt. Lysaght, of the Life Guards, who is a nephew of Gen. Prendergast.



The Hon. Monica Grenfell, whose father, Lord Desborough, is chairman of the inquiry into police pay.

TAX PROFITEERS!

More "Brass Hats" for Camberley—Secrets of the Slough Motor Depot.

A PROPOSAL THAT large fortunes accumulated since 1914 should be subjected to special taxation is said to be receiving attention. The difficulty is, I am told, that experts are doubtful whether such a special tax can be made retrospective in its effects. Anyhow, it seems as good a way as any of raising the immense sums required by the Chancellor.

The Worst Over?

Labour leaders are much easier in their minds about the present industrial situation than they were this time last week. They think, or at any rate hope, the worst is over.

More Commissions.

It is believed in places where they are likely to know that the Government is thinking of setting up other Industrial Commissions of Inquiry, just like that which has just begun to sit on the coal industry.

The Sulky Child.

A rumour reaches me from Dublin that Labour organisations throughout the country are to be asked to declare a complete stoppage of work as a protest against the continued imprisonment of the Sinn Fein leaders.

Slough Motor Depot.

In quarters where one hears things it is now said that the Slough Motor Repairing Depot, so constantly mentioned in Parliament, is not really intended for repairing old war motors at all. What is really being aimed at in this immense undertaking?

Our Humble Friends.

Lovers of the horse—as the friend of man, not as a means of enriching bookmakers—will be interested in a debate in the House of Lords to-morrow. Lord Ribblesdale is to urge the cause of the overburdened and underfed horses whose condition makes one's heart bleed when one observes them in the streets

A Personality.

Lord Ribblesdale is as fluent and polished a speaker as he is impressive in appearance. He does not often speak in the House, which is their lordships' loss.

More "Brass Hats" Wanted.

As it is held in some quarters that we had not enough properly-trained staff officers at the beginning of the war, it is now proposed to enlarge the Staff College at Camberley in order that more "brass hats" may be trained. This college was almost completely reorganised after the South African war, and it is felt that the time has now arrived when it should be overhauled again.

Safety Home.

It was after Loos that Sir Victor McKenzie, then a captain in the 1st Scots Guards, told his men he hoped to lead them off the field at the end of the war.

Ambition Achieved.

One of his company told me of this remark as we watched Sir Victor, now a lieutenant-colonel, lead the famous battalion in their triumphant march from St. Pancras to Wellington Barracks. He holds the D.S.O.

Gallant V.A.D.s.

A correspondent writes: "When due recognition is being paid to the gallant men who have won the war for us, is it too much to suggest that some form of decoration be given to the general service members of the V.A.D.? These girls verily bore the heat and burden of many days, doing the rough work of the hospitals behind the lines, many of them being girls who had no training at all in hard domestic service."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Curiosity in the Rain.

As St. Margaret's bells rang out to announce the arrival of yesterday's bride, Countess Pappenheim, on the arm of Lord Maidstone, so did the bells of three fire engines which dashed past. Such is public curiosity that a crowd of hundreds waited in the rain to see the bride while more ran after the engines.

Old-fashioned Honeymoons.

It is not only Commander Ramsay and his wife who are having a long honeymoon. The average duration has been a matter of forty-eight hours and less of late. Lord and Lady Althorp, who were married the day before the royal wedding, are also still at Molecomb, Lord March's place near Chichester.

Green Gages."

Beauty and wit should be the portion of Miss Irene and Vera Gage, Lord Gage's sisters, who are among the new debutantes. They had a famous forbear, Lady Jane Moore, whose beauty was the talk of Europe. It was the Gage family who first grew greengages and described them thus.

Paintings in Little.

It is the fashion now for whole families to have their miniatures painted. I saw Lord Louth, Lady Louth and their small son Patrick leaving a studio in Chelsea yesterday. All three are being painted in miniature, and there is an etching of Lady Louth also being done.

Lady Maitland's Play.

Viscountess Maitland is in town for a little while before the production of her play in Edinburgh. I saw her yesterday walking in Bond-street. She herself is to sing in her play, "The Slave Market."

Not To Go.

Dr. Jayne seems to have changed his mind about resigning the bishopric of Chester. Some time ago it was announced he intended retiring in February. But he has not resigned yet, and it is assumed he is better and intends keeping on a little longer.

Cuckoo!

About this time of year I always begin to expect a letter from the enthusiast who has just heard the cuckoo. He duly communicated yesterday, from Basingstoke.

Dear Fish.

News of the decontrol of fish prices has not penetrated to Leicester-square. In a restaurant in that vicinity I asked for the usual sardines with my hors d'oeuvres. "Sardines



Miss Dunsmuir, daughter of the Hon. James Dunsmuir, a clever amateur actress for charity.



Mr. Norman McKinney, one of the delegation of actors who discussed contracts with the managers.

is extra," grunted the sour-faced alien who brought the food. As they say in New York: Can you beat it?

Avoid Antwerp!

Unfortunate residents there tell me that Antwerp's accommodation and food are as expensive as Paris. So bitterly have British officers complained of the high prices that our Army authorities now bracket the city with Brussels and Paris for a special allowance.

Work for Women.

A London morning newspaper contained yesterday two pages of small advertisements announcing vacant situations for women. Then, why is it that such swarms of young women draw the subsistence allowance?

Costly "Chare."

Housewives' helps—charwomen they were termed before the war—are in South London asking 80s. a week for six days and food. A friend of mine last week paid 20s. for part-time help. And the woman took six hours off to see Princess "Pat's" wedding.

The Soldiers' Meeting.

It is certain that the grand military meeting will be revived next spring at Sandown Park. If this meeting could have been held this year, it would have been very widely supported, while the entries would probably have constituted a record, especially for the "owners up" events. Everything points to next year's gathering being the biggest on record.

Double Blue Engaged.

"Rugger" men will join in congratulating Major B. S. Cumberlege on his engagement to Miss Louella Gillis. Major Cumberlege, who is a nephew of Mr. Rutland Barrington, captained the Cambridge XV. and won a cricket Blue.

A Flying Trainer.

The North Country amateur rider, Mr. O. J. Casbourne, has taken a large training establishment at Middleham. He was demobilised recently from the R.A.F.

The Only Winner.

Last year he had the distinction of being the only amateur to win a flat race. This was at Lewes, when, in a good finish, he beat a horse ridden by Lord Burghersh.

Democracy.

In the Hampstead Tube yesterday I witnessed an incident which would have given a colonel of the old school heart-failure. A bright and very young private coolly asked a second "loot" in the artillery for a light, and was given permission to obtain one from the officer's cigarette!

From Khaki to Silk.

Mr. Edmund Murphy, the youngest Irish K.C., who joined up during the war, has returned to the Bar. He comes of a noted legal family. His father was Mr. Justice Murphy, of the King's Bench, and his grandfather Mr. Justice Keogh. He married a daughter of Lord Justice Holmes, on whose death some time ago he inherited a large fortune.

"Over the Sticks" Head-Heat.

It is very rare a dead-heat occurs in hurdle racing, but it happened yesterday at the Wolverhampton meeting, when Mr. Tabor's Wild Aster and Mr. Montagu's Nuit Blanche passed the winning-post "locked together," as they say on the Turf. Wild Aster is a "veteran" of the Turf, being over sixteen years of age, and the other four years.

Their Waterloo.

I understand it is practically certain that the match between Wales and New Zealand will be played on the St. Helens ground at Swansea. This will be remembered as where the original All-Blacks met with the one defeat of their triumphant tour.

Baron Rothschild's Horses.

I hear that Baron Rothschild is sending all his racehorses from France to be trained by



Mrs. Geoffrey Moss, a poetess, whose husband is an Army captain.



New photograph of Miss Phyllis Besdon, a well-known film star.

The Only Winner.

J. Watson at Newmarket. The famous blue and yellow jacket will be welcome back on the English Turf.

The Glorious Second.

In the days immediately following the retreat from Mons the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards were known as the "Lucky Second." Yet only twenty of their original lot returned to Windsor.

A Narrow Escape.

At that time they were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pereira who had a marvellous escape in the retreat. A shell actually fell between his horse's hoofs, but luckily it did not explode.

THE RAMBLER.

Freemans Custard WITH STEWED RHUBARB

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper. Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its purest and most delicious form.

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NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.

JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.

DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

DORIS GOES TO A CONCERT.

M. SIMPSON looked at Jake with blank amazement.

"I beg your pardon?" he said stiffly.

Jake laughed. He was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"You heard what I said?" he answered. "Don't look so amazed. Surely a philanthropist is allowed some sort of eccentricity? Anyway, that is my one and only condition. She can take it or leave it—whatever she likes."

He kicked at the fire with his boot, with a great assumption of carelessness.

Mr. Simpson made a few notes, snapped up his bag and rose in depression.

"I don't know when I have seen Miss Lorrimer again," he said.

"Thanks!" Jake went with him to the door.

"I say," he submitted, half-laughingly, "do you think I've gone clean cranky?"

Mr. Simpson spread out his hands.

"Would it be polite if I told you that I certainly thought you were well, shall we call it unusual?" he asked.

"I quite agree with you!" Jake answered seriously. "And I think if you were in my shoes you'd be a bit unusual, too."

He paused. "If I tell you something will you take my oath you won't repeat it to a soul?" he asked.

"I never repeat confidences."

"Well, then, I saw a specialist Johnny a few days ago, and he very kindly informed me that my number was up and that the date on which I shall cease to grace the world with my presence is not far distant."

"My dear boy!" Genuine distress for the moment pushed aside the lawyer and revealed the man.

"Oh, it's quite all right, thanks," said Jake carelessly. "I only told you as a sort of apology for myself and to explain why I shan't want that thousand pounds."

"But surely something can be done! Doctors are infants!"

"I've been to more than one. No, please don't pity me. I don't want it out or deserve it. I had a damed good time while it lasted, and I'm going to have some fun yet before I'm finished."

He went back to his room whistling cheerfully enough, and took up the two small tickets for the concert which Ursula had presented to Mr. Simpson. They were hand-written on square blue cards, and announced the fact that a concert would be held at the church hall on—Jake made a swift calculation—why, it was tomorrow night!

Of course, he should not go—concerts bored him. But he stuck the tickets up on the mantelshelf in a prominent place, and looked at them several times during the evening.

It would be rather a joke after all. Ursula would wonder how in the world he had got there. Besides, he was rather curious to hear for himself the sort of voice she possessed. If the show bored him, there was no obligation to stay.

In the morning he decided not to go, but in the evening he sent for a taxi and was whisked off to the church hall of which he had never heard before, and which he would probably never visit again.

The first items on the programme were not alluring. The artists were poor amateurs and nervous ones. Jake yawned and cursed his folly in having come.

The audience was uninteresting too. He had looked round furtively to see how close he was to the exit, when someone came down the passage-way against which he sat and spoke his name.

"Jake! It's really you! I could not believe my eyes." And Doris St. Claire was there beside him.

Jake flushed up to his eyes. He had not dreamed of such an encounter. He remembered with a guilty flush that he had not yet answered her letter.

"Why—what on earth are you doing here?" he asked awkwardly.

She took a vacant chair beside him—there were a great many vacant chairs, he had already noticed.

"Ursula is singing, and I am playing her accompaniment," she explained. "It was Ursula who suggested it, and I agreed, and then told me, Jake, why ever did you come?"

There was a hope in her heart that he would say he had heard that she was to be there and had followed her, but she was disappointed.

"It was raining—I heard someone singing, and I dropped in," he answered lamely. "Pretty poor show, isn't it?"

"Wait till you hear Ursula." She was silent for a moment, then—"Jake, why didn't you answer my letter?"

He looked at her, saw the faint mistiness of her blue eyes and the little tremble of her lips, and his heart softened. He just touched her hand with his for a moment as he answered: "What was the use? I thought everything had been said between us."

"I cannot bear to think that," she whispered. Jake laughed ruefully. "It was your doing," he replied, then added:

"I know," she bit her lip and, after a moment, went on slowly: "Sometimes I wonder if I didn't make a mistake."

Jake did not answer. There was a strained look on his thin face, and he kept his eyes steadily before him.

"Money is a hateful thing," Doris said suddenly.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

denky with passion. "It makes all the difference between happiness and misery."

"I'm rather fond on money myself," he answered lightly. "Don't call it hard names; it's been a good friend to you."

"In separating me from you?" she asked.

He did not answer at first, then he said deliberately:

"If it had not been money, it would probably have been something else, my dear. I'm afraid I am not cut out for happy Benedict."

She was looking at him critically.

"Somehow I feel you're really loved me, when I think how easily you have given me up," she said impulsively. She did not really wonder any such thing, but she wished to sting him into some show of emotion.

"I wonder about lots of things myself now," Jake said, rather drearily. "Is that someone trying to catch your eye round that pain?"

Doris rose. "I suppose Ursula is going to sing. Jake, will you wait for me afterwards?"

She turned and said, still smiling: "A pretty figure in the gauzy blue frock that looked somehow overdressed and out of place in the very mediocre hall."

THE POWER OF A SONG.

WOULD he have been happy if she had married him? Jake wondered, as he looked after her with wistful eyes. He had been happy in the first days of their acquaintance, at any rate. It gave him a certain pain to look back upon them now and realise how easily their glamour had faded and died.

He had loved so many women in his life, or thought that he had, and now—of all of them, there was not one left who really cared for him.

He was nobody's lover! And the only bride he would ever hold in his arms would be death. Jake smiled ironically at the thought. Some how he had pictured such a different future for himself. Odd how mistaken one's dreams could be!

And then for the moment he forgot himself as Ursula Lorrimer came on to the little platform.

Somehow he had always imagined her to be a nervous girl. On each occasion of their meeting she had seemed agitated and highly strung, but this evening she looked entirely self-possessed as she came forward and stood amongst the flowers and ferns with which the front of the platform was rather sparsely decorated.

She wore the same black frock in which he had seen her at the St. Claires' nearly a week ago, and there was a single white rose fastened at her waist.

Jake smiled retrospectively. He wondered what she would say if she could know what a vivid memory that white flower awoke in his mind. Well, some day he would tell her; and it gave him a pleasant little thrill of anticipation to picture how angry she would be—how her eyes would flash and vehemently she would repudiate his philanthropy.

Doris was at the piano, but Jake never looked in her direction, though she was vain enough to imagine that his eyes must constantly be upon her. He was interestedly watching Lorrimer's daughter, and realising with faint reluctance that there was indeed something very charming and attractive about her.

Her white throat rose with slim grace from the simply cut black gown. The poise of her hair, though was perfect, her hair fell in soft waves about her face, and her grey eyes were almost black with their intensity as she began to sing.

The song she chose, Jake had never heard before, but something in its quaint old worldliness appealed to him rather keenly.

What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flying, the seas are going?
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us, for being fond of us?

Though waves divide us and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding, I'll still be true;
And I'll wait for thee by the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion, that's what I'll do.

Jake was no judge of a voice, but something in the pure notes of Ursula's brought a little achoe to his heart, and a queer restless feeling which he had never experienced before.

His thin face was mournful as he leaned a little forward, looking at her with earnest eyes.

What would you do, love, if home returning—
With a high, high mire, health for you—
My barque which bound on foreign foam
Should be lost near home. Ah! what would you do?

She sang on, speeded. I'd kiss the morrow,
In want and sorrow, till the sun goes down;
And I'd welcome thee on the stormy billow,
This heart thy pillow, that's what I'd do.

There was such a tenderness in her voice, such a wonderful note of sympathy and understanding, that the audience who had hitherto been rather dull and apathetic woke into wild enthusiasm.

She sang all the back of the hall who had been admitted for the first time and a promise of good behaviour stamped and whisked. An old lady beside Jake wiped tears from her eyes, and confided to her companion that she used to sing that song when she was a girl.

"I hadn't got a voice like that. Miss Lorrimer, I don't mean that," she explained humbly. "But quite a nice voice, it used to be."

Jake smiled. There was a little uncomfortable lump in his own throat which he could not understand. She sang the simple words of the song had brought the listener home to him more acutely than anything else could have done that his life was nearly finished.

"St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of sufferers from rheumatism in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatic, neuralgia, lumbago, backache and sprains.—(Advt.)

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Only thirty-three, and already a broken man. Where was the justice in life?

Ursula was smiling and bowing to her enraptured audience. There was a little flush in her cheeks. Jake had never seen her look so pretty.

"She's too good to sit at a concert like this," Ursula said, looking behind him said. "I heard the vicar say she was going to be a professional; I should think she'll make a fortune some day."

THE TRAGEDY OF LONELINESS.

JAKE looked round at the speaker. He would like to have informed the audience at large that he was the man who was going to pay for the training of that wonderful voice; that it was his money that was to make her famous. He felt absurdly proud of Ursula as, in reply to ceaseless inquiries of "Where?" he said again.

Doris, sitting down to the piano, cast a swift look towards Jake. His eyes were fixed on Ursula, and a little wave of jealousy swept through her vain soul.

Was it Ursula who had brought Jake here? Somehow, she did not believe his tame explanation about having wandered in out of the rain. She began to remember that it was only since Ursula had come into his life that Jake had grown more and more towards her. She recalled how many times his eyes had turned to Ursula during dinner nearly a week ago.

She knew he had a reputation for fickleness; she knew by his own admission that he had imagined himself in love dozens of times, but with a woman's vanity she had believed that his affection for her was a deeper emotion than anything that had gone before.

This sudden doubt awoke the flame that had been dying in her heart. If he were swerving in his affections, she would not let him go. She had given him to her no matter what consequences followed. After all, her father was a rich man, and she was his only daughter. So her thoughts worked as she played Ursula's accompaniment, a little burning patch of colour tinged her cheeks.

If it were Ursula who had brought Jake here! Supposing their court, almost rude behaviour to one another the other night hadn't been quite friendly! Doris never trusted her own sex on principle.

As soon as she could get away she took her wraps and went down into the hall to find Jake, but his seat was empty.

She appealed to the elderly woman who had sat beside him and wiped the tears from her eyes during the singing of Ursula's first song.

"The gentleman who sat here—did you see him where he went? Was he ill?"

"He went out directly the last song was over," she told. "He said he had enjoyed it so much, he was not going to wait to hear any of the other songs numbered." She laughed as she repeated what Jake had actually said, and a faint smile crossed Doris's face.

It was like Jake to say a thing like that. He was always so blunt and downright.

"I expect he will be waiting outside," she said. She was confident that he would. She wrapped her cloak closer around her and went out into the chilly night.

She was still raining a little. A man at the door asked if she would like a cab.

"I'm looking for a friend," Doris answered, "a tall gentleman—did you see him come out? He is waiting for me."

"A gentleman came out after the last song," the man answered. "But he didn't wait; miss he walked away—seemed in a hurry like."

As a matter of fact Jake had forgotten all about Doris and his promise to wait for her. A bitter spell of depression was sitting on his shoulder as he strode away into the rain and darkness.

Nobody's lover! He had given himself the name, but to-night for the first time the full tragedy of it bit deeply into his soul.

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

RHEUMATISM? RUB ACHING JOINTS!

RUB THE PAIN RIGHT OUT WITH SMALL BOTTLE OF OLD "ST. JACOB'S OIL."

Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly into painful, stiff joints and muscles and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless cure for rheumatism which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Do not grumble and go suffering. Get a small bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your chemist, and in just the moment you use it you will be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling.

"St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of sufferers from rheumatism in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatic, neuralgia, lumbago, backache and sprains.—(Advt.)

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THE GERM ISOLATED AT LAST.

A Startling yet Authoritative Announcement.

The Ravages of influenza which has attacked us recently with such serious results is at last to be stopped by the discovery of

Dr. J. M. DESMOND, D.Sc.
(Hon.)

who has isolated the bacteria of influenza and found a preventative and cure.

No influenza masks necessary.

Dr. Desmond's

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the discovery and specific referred to is a harmless salve, absolutely protects you from infection, and if used in time, even after infection, destroys all germs in a few hours.

It protects you while in Theatre, Train, Tram, Tube, or in fact anywhere if used as directed.

This is undoubtedly the most sensational discovery of our time.

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21 & 22 Sillwood St. Brighton.

Jimmy Wilde Tells What to do For Foot Tortures.

World's Champion Boxer says simply rest feet in saltwater, then bid corns and other foot troubles good-bye for ever.

I am often asked, what boxers do when their feet ache, burn, perspire, form corns, callouses, bunions, and other things make life miserable for many months. What has to be on his feet constantly? Boxers have to do what everyone else should do: that is, rest the feet for a while in medicated and oxygenated water, prepared by dissolving a handful of ordinary refined Reudel bath salts obtainable at a small cost from any chemist. Change in a foot bath twice daily.

I have known of serious cases where users hardly recognized either the feet or the appearance of their own feet the first time they treated them this way, and I am never without a supply of the saltwater compound at my training camp.

For Liver Disorders use Alkia Saltrates.—Advt.

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DiaDEM Wax is a new form of skin-food which dispenses the ordinary greasy face cream hitherto so popular. As Alkia Saltrates, it is specially suited for the complexion. It is without equal. It softens the skin, creates a smooth, even texture—silky to the touch. DiaDEM Wax is a soapless, non-oily emulsion which penetrates the pores which carry the body properties to the underlying tissue where the true beauties—renewing and invigorating the skin cells, which women of the world desire.

Price per large jar, 10/-; tub, 6/-; tin, 2/-.

DECOLTEINE

The liquid hair restorer, with no trace. Instantaneous to its action, therefore to be applied while dressing for dinner. Price, 1/-.

Ointments of all Chemists, Perfumers & Stores, or a first supply will be forwarded on receipt of 2/- postage. Write for the "Distributor" book, post free from ROBERTS, Ltd., London, W.C. 1, 128, Jermyn Street, LONDON, S.W.1.



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Regain your Health and Beauty and reduce your weight quickly by commencing the never-failing Antipon treatment. It has a year's record of success and is the only safe, sure and pleasant remedy for over-stoutness. No change of diet, but a reduction of 8 lbs. to 5 lbs. in 10 days. The Antipon treatment is procurable in all Chemists and Stores the world over. Price 5s. and 5s., or privately packed direct from the ANTIPON CO. (Desk 125), 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

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FLOOR FOR WOMEN IN NEWEST HOTEL

Indoor and Outdoor Playgrounds for Children.

OLD-WORLD "DISHES."

A special floor for women is one of the many novel features of a new hotel which has just been opened in New York.

This latest addition to the list of palatial "homes from home" is the Hotel Pennsylvania.

It has twenty-four floors above the street level, three floors underground and 2,200 rooms—all with baths.

The floor reserved for women has a Turkish bath for their exclusive use.

A feature of the cooking establishment is a department which is to be devoted entirely to home cooking for those who want some of the "old dishes that mother used to make."

A woman has been put in charge for this service at a salary equalling that of a first-class chef.

NO MAIDS IN BEDROOM.

How Servants Are Summoned by Call Through Panel Doors.

There will also be indoor and outdoor playgrounds for children, a medium-priced lunch-room on the subway level under the supervision of the head chef of the hotel, separate cafeteria for the men and women employees, as well as the usual dining-rooms and two floors of rooms devoted to their use.

One of the striking features of the hotel is its bedroom doors.

Instead of the usual door panels, each has a cover which permits of room service without the intrusion of servants.

The guest may open the door panel and place in a miniature closet clothes to be pressed, hats to be cleaned, shoes to be polished, or what not.

From the opposite or outside panel servants are called from the end of the hall by a telephone for the purpose, take these articles, do what is required, and return them, whereupon a signal in the door panel indicates that the service has been rendered.

The lighting of the hotel is accomplished from an outside plant, the Pennsylvania Railroad power-house, so that the only coal unloaded at the hotel is that required for cooking.

NEWS ITEMS.

The ban on leather is expected to be lifted in June.

Marquis' Will.—The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava left £25,500.

Weather Forecasts.—General outlook: Unsettled conditions are likely to continue.

Big Boot Sale.—14,000,000 pairs of controlled boots have been sold, says Mr. Churchill.

Earl Gullford and Lord Sackville have been elected unopposed to the Kent County Council.

Snow and Frost.—Keen frost prevailed yesterday morning at Loch Lomond and a heavy snowstorm raged in the Peak of Derbyshire.

Admiralty Promotions.—Captains Henry D. Maybey, Frederick L. Field and Commodore First-Class the Hon. Hubert G. Brand to flag rank.

Organ Grinder to Carman.—From a street organ grinder he became a carman at a wage of 50s. a week, said a man at Clerkenwell Court yesterday.

Organic Dead.—Mr. Alfred Legge, fifty years organist at Ashford, Kent, and at one time music master to the Queen of Rumania, died yesterday at seventy-five.

Stands any amount of hard wear. Just the thing for Gardeners, Allotment Holders, Land Workers, Postmen, Railwaymen, Miners, Taxi Drivers, Munition Workers, &c. Every pair thoroughly repaired, good as new. Send out two pairs of ordinary boots at the same time.

Our Price 9/6, 12/6, 15/6
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED
to be equal to the best Government Leather, with sound uppers free from patches. The pick of the leather is used. Extra postage 1/- extra. Postage 1/- and 1/- extra for postage and packing, state size, and whether plain or studded boots required.

THE CANADIAN BOOT CO. (Dept. 55),
77, Stoke Newington Road, London, N. 16.

You ought to use
"Cake Royal"
makes perfect cakes

Easily—Quickly—Cheaply.

Contains all the necessary Sweetening, Flavouring and Raising properties, and costs only 9d. per pkt.

Ask your Grocer for
this Perfect Cake-maker.

Made by J. J. Beauvan, Ltd.
Boston, Eng.

Try also
'M.P.' per
pkt.
(Unsweetened)



ALL-WHITE WORKS.

Sunlight Buildings to Ensure Cleanliness and Health.

WATER-PURIFIED AIR.

Many new factories which are being built will kill the old belief that a factory must be grim and dreariness.

"Food factories which we are now building," an architect said to *The Daily Mirror*, "are being planned as all-white buildings. All partitions, roofs, walls (except those that must be solid to support weight) are of glass, so arranged as to keep clean and let in sunlight all the time."

"The solid parts are enamelled white. Tile flooring is cleaned by vacuums, which drag out every bit of fluff and dirt. All the paint is white, and so are the chairs on which the factory hands sit, the tables at which they work, their very tools in part."

"We want the place alive with sunlight and health. The girls have cosy rest rooms, with a concert platform and dance floor, still white."

"We are using the American system of purifying air, also as a means of getting the very finest sprays of water."

"In summer's heat blinds will be drawn to exclude the glare during the middle of the day, and water-cooling used to keep an even temperature."

300,000 INTERESTED.

Friends of 50,000 Beauty Entrants Who Eagerly Await Decision.

At least three hundred thousand people are keenly interested in the result of *The Daily Mirror's* War Workers' Beauty Competition.

There have been 50,000 entrants, and it may be safely assumed that each of these has at least six relatives or friends who will be anxious for their success. Never before has a newspaper competition aroused such widespread interest.

It has demonstrated beyond all possibility of dispute that the British woman of to-day is as beautiful as her predecessors of past ages, though she bears the stamp of what is probably the finest time in the world.

It has been decided that twenty-five "probables" shall be seen personally.

From among these will be chosen the four leading prize-winners in the contest—those who will secure the £500, £100, £50 and £25 prizes, and be entitled also to the aerial holiday trip to France at the invitation of *The Daily Mirror*.

Cash prizes amounting to £1,000 will be awarded to the *Daily Mirror* to the forty-nine competitors chosen, and to the most beautiful women war workers in the land.

In addition to the first four prizes there are twenty prizes of £10 each and twenty-five prizes of £5 each.

DE VALERA'S ESCAPE.

Sinn Feiners Get Outside Help and a Forged Key.

Questioned by Major O'Neill regarding the escape of Mr. De Valera, M.P., and other Sinn Fein leaders from Lincoln Prison, Mr. Shortt, in the Commons yesterday, said inquiries showed that the escape was made by means of a forged key, and that the prisoners had assistance from outside.

The escape was facilitated by the fact that the internees were allowed to associate much more freely than ordinary prisoners, and were not subject to the ordinary supervision.

He believed Mr. De Valera had since issued a manifesto to his supporters, but was not aware of the exact date.

Major O'Neill: Is there any truth in the statement that the escape was facilitated by women informing the sentries from their posts?

Mr. Shortt: No, sir; none of the sentries has any knowledge of the ladies. (Laughter.)

ENDS STUBBORN COUGHS IN A HURRY.

For Quick Relief This Old Home-Made Remedy Has No Equal. Easily and Cheaply Prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parment (Double Strength), dissolve this in a glass and add to 1/4-pint of hot water, and two ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. Breathing becomes easy, clogged nostrils open right up, the cough stops, and the tightness across the chest will soon end. It is splendid for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or throat troubles.

Parment is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Japanese Mint and Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs. It tastes pleasant and is good for either children or adults. There is no better method of making cough medicine. (Advt.)



WHY BE GREY?

MAKE YOUR GREY OR FADED HAIR RADIANT WITH THE COLOUR OF LIFE AND YOUTH.

Does your mirror tell you that your hair is grey or becoming grey, or that it lacks richness in colour? If it does, you are naturally anxious about it, for you know that hair radiant with the colour of life and youth makes just the difference between a middle-aged woman and a young one.

It is open to every woman to preserve or retain the colour of her hair through the scientific and approved method—

Hindes HAIR TINT

"You simply comb it thro'

Hindes Hair Tint is prepared by the world-famous inventors of so many aids to the toilet. "You simply comb it through"—surely the simplest of simple operations at your toilet-table. It takes only a few minutes and the instant result is a bright, healthy, prettier hair, softer hair, hair full of life and colour.

Each bottle is accompanied by a medical certificate.

Therefore in using Hindes Hair Tint you are safe.

It is used by thousands of grateful users.

It is washable and permanent, and you can get it in any natural shade required—brown, dark brown, light brown, black, brown blonde.

It costs 2s. 6d. the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDES, LTD., Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hindes Wavers.

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with the comments
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on current events
in the

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ALLY SLOPER IN PUBLIC TRIAL AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

P. Woodland Reappears to Ride Dead-Heat on Wild Aster.

SOMME KISS AND THE LINCOLN

Despite bad weather, there was another fine attendance at Wolverhampton. Many men are in the habit of missing the last race in order to catch the early "special," but most stayed on yesterday in order to see how Ally Sloper performed in the Walsall Steeplechase.

One of the leading favourites for the Grand National, Lady Nelson's horse, had only been out once before this year, when, at Windsor, he was manifestly far from being in good condition, and, jumping too big at all his fences, made no sort of show behind Mask Off.

Unfortunately the race proved a poor sort of "National" trial for Ally Sloper after all, as Turakina was the only one to oppose him. What is more, Turakina, after leading to the water, blundered badly, so that Lady Nelson's horse had no difficulty in drawing away, to win by a distance.

One thing the race did prove—viz., that Ally Sloper jumps as well as ever. He won the Grand National the last time the race was run at Aintree, in 1915, and, although he is weighted at 1st, 3lb., as against 10st. 6lb., carried then, there are more unlikely things than a repetition of his victory.

OLDEST HORSE IN TRAINING.

The Selling Hurdle Race, with which proceedings opened, was notable for the reappearance in the saddle of Percy Woodland, who has had some never-to-be-forgotten war experiences, during which he gained the rank of captain in the R.A.F. Air Force, and was for some time a prisoner in Turkish hands.

He was up on Wild Aster, the oldest horse now in training, on which he won a race at Leicester as long ago as 1905. Nine horses were saddled for the race.

Mr. H. A. Brown, one of the keenest of our amateur riders, had wasted hard to do the weight for Nuit Blanche. Mr. Montagu's representative ran well behind Trojan at Gatwick, and was fully expected now, 13 to 8 being the best offer.

She did not jump any too well, however, and in a great finish the ancient Wild Aster made a dead-heat of it.

Johnson incurred no penalty for the Tipton 'Chase by his success the preceding afternoon and was pulled out again, and, moreover, was backed in fairly substantial manner, though Prince Francis was a strong odds-on favourite.

Warhain, son-blinded, was also turned up, and, after Johnson had come to grief, Prince Francis and Royal Visit ran clean away from the others, Prince Francis winning a fine race by half a length.

A BIG TURN UP.

There was a rare turn-up in the Grindon Hurdle Handicap, for, of the six starters, only Swindine, which was favourite, Double Deckard and Wrecker were backed. Giving 4lb., Wrecker beat Kaffir King out of sight at Sandown. Now he was set to concede 19lb., and played no part in the finish, Kaffir King winning by four lengths from Hollins Lane.

With Mr. Pick can third to The Boar at Sandown he was conceding 12lb., but in the Wolverhampton Steeplechase was only giving 5lb., and was seized upon as a good thing, though there was good money for Top Hole, which had not been out before this season. Top Hole was in a condition befitting his name, and, with Mr. Pick falling, the way was cleared for him to win by four lengths from the little-thought-of Sucebus.

So much was thought of Swindine's chance for the Grindon Hurdle Race that, even with eleven runners in the field, odds were laid on, and, in the hands of C. Young, he won very easily by eight lengths.

It would be interesting to know whether anything really has been wrong with the Lincoln Handicapped candidate Somme Kiss. For some days the colt did little beyond cantering exercise, with the result that he experienced a slump in the market, going out to 25 to 1. Yet on to-day he made a brilliant debut, having the horse d' a strong mile gallop. Colling says there is nothing wrong, and he ought to know.

Of course, funny little stories will get about concerning various candidates. Some time last week the "breath of suspicion" was directed to Hainault. At that time his trainer had actually booked Lincoln quarters for the favourable.

WOLVERHAMPTON RETURNS.

1.45—SELLING HURDLE HCAP. 2m.—NUIT BLANCHE (P. Woodland), 2m.—The Boar (P. Woodland), dead-heat; Wallon Heath (7 lb. Mr. Stringer). 3. Also ran: Mr. J. R. Anthony (General Piction, Northcourt, Willing, Tam Bird, Kate's Brother) (100-8); Miss Bell (100-8); Mr. G. E. T. Tandy (Tandy) (100-8).

2.15—TIPTON SELLING 'CHASE.' 2m.—PRINCE FRANCIS (4-6, A. Newby), 11; Royal Visit (8-4; Threlfall, 2); The Boar (P. Woodland); Mr. J. L. Jenkins (Warhain, E.R., Royal Visit) (8-4). Wimmer trained by Newby.

2.45—GRINDON HURDLE HCAP. 2m.—KAFFIR KING (10-1, B. Roberts), 11; Hollins Lane (10-1, T. Kelly), 2; Londerry (10-1, A. Holmes). 3. Also ran: Swindine (5-4); Double Deckard (5-1); Wrecker (100-50). Winner trained by Hampson.

3.15.—WOLVERHAMPTON CHASE. 2m.—THE BOAR (5-1); Mr. H. A. Brown (10-1); Mr. J. R. Anthony (The Boar) (7-2, Mr. H. A. Brown). 3. Also ran: Mr. Pick (5-4). West, Dancing Wave (20-1). Winner trained by Payne.

3.45.—WALSALL CHASE. 2m.—SOMME KISS (10-1); Mr. J. Young, 1; Stick It Up (8-4); Honey Bee (2); Tom Fool (9-1, A. Sarsby). 3. Also ran: Colonel Benson (6-1); Mr. G. E. T. Tandy (Tandy); Mr. J. L. Jenkins (Warhain); Flying Fox (Ballyboden, Arietta) (100-8). Winner trained by Young.

4.15.—WALSALL CHASE. 3m.—ALLY SLOPER (1-5, Ivo Anthony), 1; Turakina (P. Rees), 2. Winner trained by Bassett.



AMERICAN VISITORS.—British and American sailors enjoying a game of nap on board ship.

WAGES AND TRANSFERS.

Footballers Interested in Next Week's Meeting at Manchester.

UNION'S ATTITUDE.

It becomes increasingly apparent that the meeting of the Football League, to be held at Manchester next Monday, is being very keenly awaited by professional players all over the country.

Not only do they expect some definite statement regarding the wages they are to be paid next season, but they have a very keen eye on the transfer system. If the decisions arrived at in both cases are not strictly just there is likely to be trouble.

When some weeks ago, meetings of the Players' Union were held, at which professional agitators (who were not footballers) talked wild nonsense about £6 per week not being a sufficient wage on which to keep rabbits, sensible folk lamented that the professional footballers had listened to the voices of such people.

We have heard little or no repetition of that kind of reasoning recently. It would appear as though the Players' Union had decided to conduct its own affairs.

If that is the attitude determined upon members of the union can count with certainty on the sympathetic support of public opinion.

The public is aware of the loyal manner in which players stuck to clubs and "carried on" without fear during the dark days of '14, and will, by sheer force of opinion, see that it that the men now receive at least fair play.

Princess Patricia—it will take us a long time to get to call her by that name—did the most natural thing in the world in deciding to go for a golfing honeymoon.

It is what every happy couple have done since war-tax hit and a round of golf could be approached in something like the old spirit of undistracted idleness.

GOLF HONEYMOONS.

Popularity of the Game for New Married Couples.

LADY RAMSAY'S CHOICE.

The game of golf plays many parts. It is an open-air sedative which doctors recommend as a cure for nerve-strain. It lures into a seven miles' tramp tens of thousands of elderly people who, in the ordinary way, would resent having to walk a yard.

Nearly all the statesmen who had to bear great burdens of responsibility during the war pursued their rounds of the links as a means of keeping fit in mind and body.

Since the cessation of fighting the game has developed a new phase and a very engaging one.

It has established itself as part of the joy of honeymooning. Commander Ramsay and Princess Patricia—it will take us a long time to get to call her by that name—did the most natural thing in the world in deciding to go for a golfing honeymoon.

It is what every happy couple have done since war-tax hit and a round of golf could be approached in something like the old spirit of undistracted idleness.

BEST ROYAL GOLFER.

The new popularity of the golfing honeymoon may be attributed in part to the fact that very many sailors and soldiers took to the game when stationed at naval bases or military camps. This was the obvious thing to do; often there was no other recreation quite so accessible or convenient.

Having become converts to the pastime, they could not fail to excite the interest of their brides-to-be in the pastime. What more reasonable, then, than the decision to make the honeymoon a golfing holiday?

To be sure, in plenty of cases the stimulus has been provided by the bride, an enthusiastic golfer, whose zeal for the game led her to insist on her fiancee to take up golf as a matter of course. I do not think that this was the case with Princess Patricia and Commander Ramsay.

Princess Patricia has been recognised for some years as the keenest as well as the best golfer in the Royal Family, but Commander Ramsay was a devotee of the game when, as the Duke of Connaught's aide-de-camp in Canada, he first met his future bride. In this connection it has been declared that the bond between them ripened on the golf greens of Canada. If that is true, I am sure that each must have been an ideal foursome player.

A MIXED FOURSOMES CHAMPIONSHIP?

Seeing that golf is as much a game for women as for men, it is rather curious that nothing has been done to encourage the formation of mixed foursomes championship, after the manner of the mixed doubles championship at lawn tennis. These affairs may not be the strong wine of games, but they have their sentimental as well as their sporting aspect.

Married couples alone could provide some interesting sides for a mixed foursomes championship, as, for instance, Captain and Mrs. Robert Hanmer, Mrs. Harris, as Miss Mervile, was a member of the Middlesex county team and a scratch player.

Brothers and sisters could constitute further strong pairs. The sister of Captain J. L. C. Jenkins, the present amateur champion, won the Scottish ladies' championship in 1912. And then there are the engaged couples, as, for instance, Miss Cecil Leitch and Captain H. Wilcock-Pollen. In the established order there are events less interesting than such a tournament as this would be.

R. E. HOWARD.

FAMOUS VETERANS IN THE BOXING RING.

Jim Driscoll and Pedlar Palmer in 10-Round Match.

GREAT RUSH FOR TICKETS.

There is no old-time sportsman in the country who will not find his way to Hoxton Baths next Monday afternoon when the famous ex-world's champions, Jim Driscoll and Pedlar Palmer meet for the great ten-round contest.

In many ways the match is the most interesting of modern times, because it will give the younger generation an opportunity of seeing two of the greatest masters in the boxing art in the ring.

Since the New Army established boxing as a truly national sport, hardly a day has passed without some young soldier expressing the desire that he had lived at a time when it would have been possible for him to have seen Pedlar Palmer in action.

Was not the "Box of Tricks," as Pedlar Palmer was affectionately known in the days of his triumphs, greater than the present-day champions? This is a question which is being constantly asked in all sporting circles, and a question which has never been satisfactorily settled.

We shall be able to judge the problem better after the contest with Driscoll.

BOTH MEN VERY FIT.

Mr. Eugene Corri will act as referee, and Mr. Jack Callaghan, who is promoting the match, informed *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that he had received requests for seats from nearly every prominent sportsman in the country.

"Such a gathering has never been seen before at Hoxton as I anticipate on Monday after-

noon," said Mr. Callaghan.

Palmer, who is training at Brighton, is thoroughly fit and well, and the physique and general fitness of Driscoll are unquestionable.

In fact, he is so well that many good judges present Driscoll would have been an able representative of England in either the feather or light weight classes at the Albert Hall.

In view of the great interest aroused by this remarkable match between two historic champions of the ring, *The Daily Mirror* has arranged for exclusive photographs of the contest to appear in this journal.

JEVINGTON'S NEW BLOOD.

Mr. Michalinos, the owner of Zimria and other valuable mares, who recently purchased Devonshire, a chestnut gelding from Charles Wood, will take possession at the end of the present month. He intends to start a breeding

box and a gelding at Jevington for breeding purposes.

Mr. David White, the well-known auctioneer, whose knowledge of the racehorse is second to none, will also become a resident in the village.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Yesterday's Features—Shadow of Impending Budget.

FROM OUR CITY EDITOR.

THE CITY, Tuesday.
Budget influences are beginning to influence markets, as evidenced to-day by movements in Government securities. Consols 58d and War Loan 94 15-16 were again offered, but the Income Tax free 4 per cent. War Loan, 102d bid, was significantly firm. Last named has risen from 101d in a few days. French loans continued weak.

Gold bonds were dull 7d on the report. Magadi Soda failed to maintain yesterday's vim, closing 6d. Cimarks also easier, 5s-16. Good industrial features: Aerated Breads 5s 15-16 bid, Metropolitan Electrics 3d (on increased dividend), Coats 7s 7-16, Day and Martins 6d, Eastmans 18s 3d, Imperial Tobacco 3 11-16, Dormans 31s, Guest Keens 5s 16.

Oils closed well after early weakness. Shells 7d 7s 16 solders, 7 s 16 sellers. Anglo-Egyptian 3d after 3 23-32 sellers. Eagles 5s 13-16.

Railways hardly as good as yesterday. Anglo-Dutch eased to 39s 9d. Java Investment to 23s 9d. Lingots to 28s 6d. Rubber Trusts to 31s 3d. United Serdangs strong 12s 6d.

In Mines, Esperanza 17s. 6d. and Rhodesian Broken Hills 15s. 9d. bid favoured, also several iron shares. Russian mines distinctly flat. Russo Asiacis 2d. Colombian Minings dull 5s 6d. Bwanas weak 6s 4d.

Courtaulds' artificial silk and dress fabrics made a loss over a million profit for the third year in succession, and this after placing an undisclosed amount to depreciation account. After dividend, 32d per cent, of which 17s per cent tax free against 30 per cent, all less tax, £45,000 goes to various reserve accounts, and £148,210 forward, against £62,334 brought in.

Investments show £324,000 to £325,200 on the year, and the new marine and off-shore oil account of the company's American Viscose shares, which in last year's temporarily abandoned bonus capitalisation scheme were valued at £5 444,000, this being more than the whole value attached to the assets disclosed in the accounts. Well-informed market statisticians, although unable to say what Courtaulds' actual profits are, work out the value of the shares as considerably over £10 apiece.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Another "Flu" Victim.—Mr. J. R. Anthony is suffering from a severe attack of influenza.

Death of League Referee.—A. G. George, of Shefield, a well-known Derbyshire referee, has died suddenly from influenza.

Ground for Rugby International.—Swansea will probably be used for the venue for the Wales and New Zealand Rugby International.

Boyle "Demobbed."—Tom Boyle, who captained Barnsley when they won the Cup, has been demobilised and will play for Barnsley on Saturday.

Stedman Stars.—Patent leather arrangements have yet been made concerning the future of the late Sir Mark Stedman.

To-night's Boxing.—At Fulham Baths to-night Seaman Paddy and Barnes will meet Walters, who contested fifteen rounds.

Harry Banks (Alleged).—Harry Banks (Alleged) and Billy Gaillard (Actor) met also over fifteen rounds.

FOREST'S APPLICATION.

Nottingham Forest have decided to apply for admission to the First Division. This was decided at a special meeting of the club's directors.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE MEETING.

An important meeting of the Southern League First Division clubs will be held at Anderson's Hotel, Fleet-street, on March 13.

Among the many important matters to be discussed are wages, transfer fees and the constitution of the Second Division.

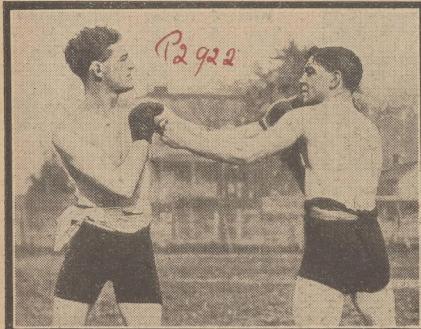
SINN FEIN AND RACING.

Prospects of Irish racing appear very gloomy, owing to the attitude of the Sinn Feiners towards the racing industry. It is not yet known whether Parliament on Farhough will be held, but it is more than likely that they will not. Kelly Races, an important Midland meeting fixed for to-morrow, is off as the local Urban Councils are in favour of the Sinn Feiners' demands to let it to the Chees Committee. This is done as a protest against Sinn Feiners' imprisonment.

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, March 5, 1919.

DRISCOLL IN TRAINING.

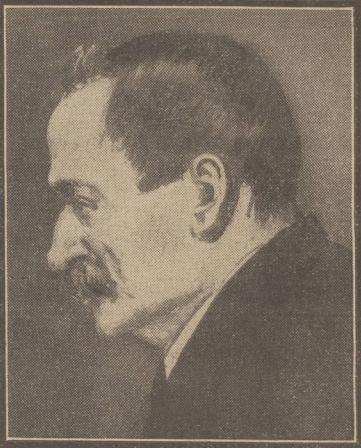


Driscoll, who is to meet Pedlar Palmer at the Hoxton Baths on Monday, with a sparring partner. Driscoll's last match was in January, 1913, and Palmer's in 1906.

FLAT TRAGEDY: WIFE AND FATHER OF MAJOR CHANEY.



P20470 Major Chaney's wife and two of her daughters.



Mr. Chaney.—(Daily Mirror exclusive picture) Mr. Chaney told a dramatic story of his homecoming at the inquest on his son, Major Chaney, R.A.F., who was found shot at his flat at Barons Court.



P20480 Miss R. Westrey, appointed demonstrator by the National Clean Milk Society. She was a dairymaid during the war.



P20481 WAR NURSE.—Miss Lee, mentioned for services at Lordswood Auxiliary Hospital, Barnborne.



P20480 OFFICER O.B.E.—Lieut. E. E. Long, Deputy Controller, Oriental Propaganda, Ministry of Information, now Eastern Section F.O.



P20481 COMMANDANT.—Mrs. Anderson, wife of Maj. R. D. Anderson, converted her home into a hospital in 1914. Was commandant.



P20480 WAR HERO'S REWARD.—As a mark of appreciation for heroism, Mr. Justice Shand ordered Henry Taylor's immediate discharge from bankruptcy at Liverpool. Mr. Taylor was mentioned in dispatches for gallantry at La Bassee.



P2007 THE LABOUR PROBLEM.—Mr. Lloyd George, who spoke at the first meeting of the Joint National Industrial Council yesterday,



P20485 FAMOUS SURGEON.—Sir James Cantlie, who lectures to Princess Mary and friends on advanced V.A.D. work.



P20486 TO P20486A.—Joan, daughter of Sir David Kinloch, married to Captain the Hon. R. Norton, Scots Guards.



P20480 BRAVE ACT.—Cpl. G. A. Cade, R.E., who stopped a runaway horse at Southend-on-Sea. He spent four years in France.



G12321 DAZZLE PAINTED.—A costume which won a prize at a dance held by the W.R.A.F.S. in London.



G985P FROM SHELLS TO SIDE-CARS.—A Bristol girl, formerly on munitions, is now making side-cars for motor-cycles.